A Burning yet Unconsumed Bush, Exemplified.

IN THE

Dolorous Life, and Glorious Death,

Of that Young Convert,

And Most Excellent SAINT,

Mrs. MARY HARRISON,

Who Departed this Life *June* the 21st, in the 23d Year of her Age.

OR,

A Brief and Faithful Narrative, Of the Effectualness of her Conviction, The Painfulness of her Conversion, The Dreadfulness of her Temptation, The Deplorableness of her Condition, And the Triumphant Joyfulness of her Dissolution.

Together with the Author's Speech to the Inhabitants of *Havant*, at the close of her Funeral Sermon.

Published in General for Common Good, but particularly at the Request of some of the New gather'd Church at Chichester, *of which she was a Member: And especially to satisfie a Worthy Friend far off, who by Letters importun'd the Author thereunto.*

By *C. NICHOLETTS*, *M*
Minister of the Gospel in *HAVANT*.

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A Burning yet Unconsumed
Bush Exemplified &c.

W. Musgrave.

To the Reverend Mr. Richard Robins, *Pastor of a Congregation in* London.

My very Dear, and much Esteemed Brother,

WHEN I Reflect on the blessed Providence that opened so wide a Door, for the Occupation of your Talent the last Winter, at *Chichester*, and the strange, and amazing Success that attended your Labours there, I cannot but hope the Glorious Day which *Zion*'s Converts have so long Mourned, Prayed and Waited for, is nigh at Hand, even a plentiful Effusion of the Spirit, upon all the Followers of the Lamb; of which, more than a Taste was given in the mighty Portion that rested upon you, whilst you were delivering your Masters Errand in that Place. Your Face (like *Moses*) did eminently Shine (during

W: Musgrave.

To the Reverend Mr. Richard Robins, *Paſtor of a Congregation in* London.

My very Dear, and much Eſteemed Brother,

WHEN I Reflect on the bleſſed Providence that opened ſo wide a Door, for the Occupation of your Talent the laſt Winter, at *Chicheſter*, and the ſtrange, and amazing Succeſs that attended your Labours there, I cannot but hope the Glorious Day which *Zion*'s Converts have ſo long Mourned, Prayed and Waited for, is nigh at Hand, even a plentiful Effuſion of the Spirit, upon all the Followers of the Lamb; of which, more than a Taſte was given in the mighty Portion that reſted upon you, whilſt you were delivering your Maſters Errand in that Place. Your Face (like *Moſes*) did eminently Shine (during

your Commemoration on that Mount of Viſion) to the Obſervation, and Admiration of all the Beholders, none but your ſelf was ignorant of it, ſo that the Multitude was ready to *Hoſanna* you, (as they did your Maſter before you) and in the ſame Language too, -- *Never Man ſpake, like this Man!* And ſo ſtrange a Conſternation was there in the Minds of all, and ſo wonderful a Conviction in the Hearts of many, as quite confounded the Oppoſers of Goſpel Light, and Truth, and made them even gnaſh their Teeth for Madneſs; Oh! how did the Dukes of *Paleſtina* tremble, and the Inhabitants of *Canaan* melt away: How did the Formal and Legal Rabbies Vex and Fume, that a *Nehemiah* ſo ſuddenly, ſo unexpectedly, ſtood on the Wall with undaunted Courage, and they could not pluck him down; That there appear'd a Man, whom, with all their Machinations, they could not hinder to ſeek in good Earneſt, the Welfare of Immortal Souls, by Preaching the Truth fully and clearly, as it is in Jeſus; ſo that the People which before ſat in Darkneſs, ſaw great Light; and to thoſe who were, and a long time had been in the Regions of the Shadow of Death, Light ſpring up: But though the Enemies of Free-Grace were grieved exceedingly, by your

your ſo powerful, and ſpiritual Preaching, the Children of the Bride-Chamber were as much Comforted, Enlivened, Refreſhed, and many poor Dead Sinners Awakened, Convinced, and Perſwaded to Embrace the Everlaſting Goſpel, which was Sounded in their Ears in ſuch a Strain, that many (though Old Hearers) to my Knowledge, did Profeſs, they never heard the Goſpel before: And, Oh! What an Aſtoniſhing Change was viſibly Obſerv'd in the Faces of the Inhabitants of *Chicheſter*: Such Crowding and Thronging, to hear the Word dropping, as ſweet ſmelling Myrrh, from your Lips, the Oldeſt Man Alive never ſaw the like: The Walls of the Meeting-houſe (though in the coldeſt Seaſon of the Winter) Sweated with Heat, (a true Emblem of the Warmth, many Frozen Hearth felt, by the reflective Rays of *Zion*'s Glory) and the Spirits of the moſt Ignorant were ſtrangely Reviv'd, with the fragrant odoriferous Savor of *Aaron*'s ſweet Perfume, ſo Plentifully, and in a Theopmuſt Manner, diffus'd amongſt them: Concerning this Perfume (which I take to be an eminent Type of the Riches of Free-Grace) there was a Law Enacted in the Court of Heaven, Whoever made any Thing like it, ſhould be put to Death: If that Statute

was ſtill in Force, few Preachers in our Day, would be in danger of its Penalty, -- Alas! they don't come near it, their Preaching is far enough wide from it: They are either bellowing Bulls of *Sinai*, thundering out the Terrors of the Law, and belching forth the Flames of Hell, to affrighten and diſtract poor Creatures, and make them run Mad; or elſe they are for putting them to Earn their expected Happineſs (as *Adam* was doom'd to Eat his Bread) with the Sweat of their Brow: This they muſt do, and that they muſt do, to get an Intereſt in Chriſt: And then we have a Learned Receipt, ſo many Pints of Repentance that muſt be extracted from the Limbeck of their moiſt Brains, ſo many Pounds of Duties, that muſt be weighed at the Beam of their own Intellects, to make them capable of God's Acceptance; and they muſt be ſure to come full Loaded with a Bundle of Qualifications, at their Backs, if they would have Chriſt to be their Saviour. Oh! What pitiful Traſh is this; how far from that Goſpel which the Lord Jeſus ſends his Ambaſſadors (whom he anoints with the Unction of the Holy One) to Preach, and Hold forth to poor Sinners: That ſounds forth a free Offer, and Tender of Mercy, to all that Look to, and Believe in a Crucify'd

fy'd Jesus; of which Ambassadors, Sir, you apparently, and beyond Contradiction, manifested your self to be One, (and a chief One too) when you first lifted up your Voice, as a Trumpet, in the Audience of the Inhabitants of *Chichester*: Oh! how Beautiful were your Feet shod with the Preparation of the Glorious Gospel, for that you brought good Tidings to them that were ready to Perish; you Published Peace, (even that Peace which the World cannot give, and which the Devil cannot take away) you brought good Tidings of Good, the Goodness of Free-Grace, the Immense Ocean of Divine Love; You Published Salvation, and that with a Gospel Spirit, and in a Gospel Dialect, as it was Published by the Lord Jesus himself, and all his Apostles: You said unto *Zion*, thy God Reigneth on the Throne of Mercy, dispencing Grace and Favour to the worst of Sinners: For this were your Labours Accepted, for this was your Person Honoured, for this was your Ministry in very high Esteem, among all sorts of Persons. How many will have cause to Bless God to all Eternity, they ever saw your Face! Oh! How many visible Seals of your Apostleship did you leave behind you, when you left the Place. You never Preach-

ed a Sermon there in Vain; but many Eyes were Opened, many Hearts Affected, and deeply Touched; many Conſciences Awakened, whenever you opened your Mouth; which made a worthy Perſon, well Vers'd in Goſpel Affairs, Write me Word, (then at *London*) he verily Believ'd, you did more Good Two or Three Sabbath-days in *Chicheſter*, than any Miniſter, yea, than all the Miniſters in *Suſſex* had done Seven Years before: This was very refreſhing News to my Soul; it made my Heart, (which as yet is none of the ſofteſt) like the Babe in *Elizabeth*'s Womb, leap within me for Joy: This, indeed, indeared you very much to me, and ſet me a Longing to be partaker of your Heavenly Gift; and though I had ſeveral Letters from ſeveral Perſons that ſpake very largely of you, and the wonderful Things God did by you, and that at ſuch a Rate, if I had not known them to be Men of Sobriety, Faithfulneſs, and eminent Piety, I ſhould certainly have Judg'd, they had flown in their Language, above the Capacity of an *Hyperbole*, to bring 'em ſafely off; yet, early at my Return, when I went my ſelf to *Chicheſter*, and ſaw the unuſual Seriouſneſs of the vaſt Auditory, and the extraordinary Going forth of your Spirit, both in Prayer and Preaching, I was ſtrange-

ſtrangely amazed, and forc'd to ſay, with the Queen of *Sheba*, The half of your deſerved Fame was not told me; and made this Remark in my own Breaſt, There was no ſuch Sight to be ſeen any where in our *Iſrael*, and therefore left others to conſider of it, and ſpeak their Minds. And if the Lord goes on, as he has graciouſly and wonderfully begun, *Chicheſter* will be the Place of Religion in the South of *England*, and we may take in the reſt of the Points of the Compaſs. Verily you have (or rather the Great *Jehovah* by you) lighted ſuch a Candle there, that the Enemies of Free-Grace, with all their Tricks and Artifices, with all their Growling and Grumbling, with all their Lying and Slandering, with all their Noiſe and Clamour, yea, with all their Cunning and Prieſt-craft, will never be able to put out; for, *Magna eſt veritas, & prevalebit*, *Dagon* muſt and ſhall fall before the Ark of the Living God.

Dear Brother, I am in a large Field, whilſt I have your noble *Chicheſterian* Acts under review (which will be for ever your Praiſe in the Gates of the Daughter of *Zion*, and your Eternal Rejoycing in the day of the Lord Jeſus) and ſo very large

is this Field, that I deſpair of finding the way out, and therefore muſt be forc'd to ſtand ſtill, breaking forth in the Apoſtle's Admiration, *O the Depth of the Riches both of the Wiſdom and Knowledge of God, how unſearchable are his Judgments, and how are his Ways paſt finding out.* Or taking up the Dictates of the Holy Spirit in the Mouth of *Balaam*, *According to this time it ſhall be ſaid of* Jacob, *and of* Iſrael, (Ay, and now of *Chicheſter* too) *what has God wrought.*

And, though you did good even beyond Conception, very much good, even beyond Parallel, whilſt theſe Parts were Bleſſed with your Preſence, yet really, the Good, by way of Emphaſis, (and which will be the moſt Sparkling Jewel in the Crown, wherewith your Maſter will crown you in the Day of his Appearing) was your ſpeaking Peace to this Bleſſed Saint, whoſe Sad Life is the Subject of the following Tract. You were choſen out by the Lord of the Harveſt, and preferr'd before any of his Labourers, to bring a Meſſage of Peace and Comfort to her drooping Soul; great Pains were uſed, and many Eſſays made, to effect a Cure upon her, but alas! all in vain; No Words were wanting, no Labour was ſpared, no Goſpel-ways untryed, for the eaſing her diſtreſſed Mind, but all

to

to no purpoſe: If Prayers and Tears, if publick and private Wreſtlings with God, if ſetting a-part Solemn Days, if the ſpending part of many Nights, if communicating of Experiences, if opening and inculcating of the Promiſes, if frequent Viſits, and labouring all manner of ways with her: What ſhall I ſay? If imparting the very Secrets of my Soul, and all the Myſteries and Wonders of Grace, my Gracious God ever made known to me in his Chriſt, had any thing availed, ſhe had not been in thoſe Shades of Horrid Darkneſs you found her: For I can ſay in all Sincerity, as *Paul* to the *Corinthians*, My Mouth was opened, my Heart was enlarged towards her. Oh! how often did my Soul Mourn in Secret, becauſe I could not help her: How many Tears did I ſhed in private, becauſe no words I ſpoke could take hold on her: I was too unworthy of ſuch an Honour: My Poor Labours (through the Influence of a Divine Bleſſing) awakened her out of a Natural State, but Succeſs was denied to my Endeavours, how great ſoever, to Adminiſter any Eaſe or Comfort: That was your alotted Task, by him with whom is the Reſidue of the Spirit: Oh! to this end were you Born, and for this cauſe came

you

you unto *Chicheſter*, to bear Witneſs unto the Truth, to Goſpel-truth, Light, and ſpecial Grace, for the lifting up this Dear Languiſhing Soul, who would not ſee, who could not believe, there was any Love, or Redeeming Mercy for her, till it was confirmed to her from your Lips, then ſhe ſaw the Beauty of the Lord, as the Morning, and the Glory of *Jehovah*, her Righteouſneſs, as the Noon-day: There was indeed before a Wind, a Gale of Goſpel-Truths, that continually blew upon her, but the Lord was not in the Wind: There was a Fire of Zeal kindled in the Breaſts of Miniſters, and many others, always flaming in her Boſom, but the Lord was not in the Fire; and therefore, though there was Balm enough fetch'd from *Gilead*, and applied to her Wounds, yet this Sorrowful Daughter of *Jeruſalem* was not Healed, till you came (and God came with you) as a Welcome Meſſenger of Salvation: Then, Oh! then the Son of Righteouſneſs aroſe with Healing in his Wings, in the Horizon of her Soul. Then did the day break, and the Shadows began to fly away; and then did her Beloved come leaping over the Mountains, and skipping over the Hills unto her. Oh! Happy was the time wherein

you

you first saw her, and Blessed was the day in which it was told her, Behold, there is a Watch-man of the Lord's sending, a Work-man of the Lord's preparing, go and hear what he has to say to you. As the Lord's way of Judgment, so his ways of Mercy are in the Deep, and his Foot-steps coming towards a Poor Creature, for Good and Comfort, are not known. So far am I from the Mode of this Generation, to envy you, or repine that you should do that in a few days, which I could not do in many Months, that the Lord knows, I Love, Honour, Prize, and Value you the more for it, and you are much dearer to me since, than ever you were before. To you therefore I dedicate this short History of her Life and Death, as that which of right belongs to you: You knew her, and was well known to her: You pitied her in her doleful Agonies, and took a great deal of Pains with her, to help her out of the Deep Pit, into which she was so horribly sunk. The Lord reward you (yea, he will abundantly reward you) for all your great Labour of Love to her precious Soul: You were very high in her Esteem, and exceeding Dear, she never spoke of you but with wonderful Respect, heartily blessing God for

for you: You had the Satisfaction to ſee her in her lateſt Hours, the very night ſhe died, which was a great Comfort to her Friends; and though ſhe was under a Cloud at that Moment, yet a little after you left her, the Cloud was diſpell'd, and ſhe was in a Tranſport of Glory, and went to Heaven in a Chariot of Triumph. She had Beauty for Aſhes, the Oil of Joy for Mourning, the Garment of Praiſe for the Spirit of Heavineſs, and ſhe is now a Tree of Righteouſneſs, the Planting of the Lord, that he may be for ever Glorified in the aboundant Riches of his Grace and Mercy towards her, and with whom ſhe is, and ever will be, glorified to all Eternity.

And now my Dear, my very Dear Brother, I hope your Candid Eye will overlook the many Imperfections of theſe Scribbling Lines, and cover with the Mantle of Charity what you ſee amiſs in the ſubſequent Tract: And I hope alſo, none will be ſo unjuſt, to entitle you to the Weakneſſes and Impertinencies appearing therein, becauſe your Name is inſcribed to it. The good Lord increaſe your eminent Gifts, add to your Matchleſs Zeal, inflame your ardent Love, that you may Shine more and more in Doctrine

and

and Converſation, till you are call'd to Shine in the Celeſtial Conſtellation above, and till after all your Pious Endeavours, and Faithful Labours in your Lord's Vineyard, you hear that Bleſſed Sound from your Lord's Lips, (whoſe Mouth is moſt comfortably Sweet in the day of Grace, and will be raviſhingly ſo in the day of Glory,) *Well done Good and Faithful Servant, thou haſt been Faithful over a few things, I will make thee Ruler over many things, enter thou into thy Maſter's Joy.* Go on as you have begun (through the good Hand of your God upon you) in the Power and Spirit of *Elias*, to turn the Hearts of the Fathers to the Children; that is, to inflame the Hearts of Parents, with a Deſire and Longing after the Salvation of their Children: And the Diſobedient to the Wiſdom of the Juſt; that is, Thoſe who have ſtood out againſt Goſpel-Light and Truth. Now to ſee, that cloſing with Chriſt in a Goſpel-way, and to ſeek to be made Righteous by an imputed Righteouſneſs, is the only Spiritual Wiſdom: And to make ready a People prepared for the Lord; that is, To Convince People, that they are Loſt and Undone in themſelves; and to perſwade them, without looking for any previous Qualifications, to caſt

caſt their naked Souls before the Lord Jeſus, to be cloathed upon with his Righteouſneſs, which only muſt be their Happineſs, if ever they are made Happy. So committing you to the Protection of our Dear Redeemer, in whom I deſire to be eſteemed, as unfeignedly I am,

Your moſt Affectionate,

though unworthy Brother,

C. Nicholetts.

TO

TO THE

New-gather'd Church of Christ, according to the Gospel-Order, in Chichester, *Grace, Mercy and Peace, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ.*

Beloved Friends,

AS I (with all the People of God in these Parts) did Rejoyce in, and heartily Congratulate your Associating together in the Bond and Fellowship of the Gospel; so we fervently Pray, this lively Beginning, with such ardent Zeal, Courage and Faithfulness, to the Interest of your, and our, Lord and Master, may have a Prosperous Progression in your building

building up in the way of Holineſs and Righteouſneſs, that you may abound more and more in every Good Work, and be to the Praiſe of his Grace who has called you out of Darkneſs into this marvelous Light. It was very delightful to us, to hear that you, the Children of *Judah*, did go in good earneſt, Weeping as you went to ſeek the Lord your God, with your whole Heart, and with your whole Soul, and that you did ask the way to *Zion* with your Faces thither-ward, and did unanimouſly ſay one to another, *Come, and let us joyn our ſelves to the Lord, in a perpetual Covenant that ſhall not be forgotten.* And accordingly did enter into a Solemn Covenant, to live and walk together as Brethren, in the Rule and Order of the Goſpel, and that under the ſtricteſt Obligation, to obey all the Precepts, and to rely upon all the Promiſes thereof. You gave your ſelves firſt unto the Lord, and then to one another by the Will of God; which *Coalition*, I think, was of God: Did I ſay, I think ſo; Pray give me that word back again, and I will give you a better in the room of it. I know, and am well aſſured, it was of God; and have ſtronger Reaſons to produce (when called thereunto) for my Confidence, than the fierceſt

fierceſt of your Oppoſers (how Learned ſoever they may think themſelves) can anſwer. One reaſon is this (and it is ſuch an one, as all but Atheiſts will acknowledge to have weight in it) God ſo far owning you, and ſo ſignally honouring you in your firſt waiting upon the Lord at his Table in a Church-State, as to ſhine down from between the Cherubims amongſt you on this Precious (I had almoſt ſaid Peerleſs) Saint, this young Daughter of *Abraham* (whoſe Life is under review) who was one of you, giving up her ſelf to God in the ſame Covenant with you; at the very time of which, ſhe ſaw that Light ſhe never beheld before. It was on your Shoar, this fluttering Dove firſt found a place to reſt the Sole of her Foot; it was from the Mount of your *Moriah*, this abject Daughter of *Zion* firſt pluck'd an Olive-branch of Peace, and brought it in her Mouth: She departed from us to you a *Mara*, ſhe came back from you to us a *Naomi*; ſhe went out empty, but returned full; and at her return, ſhe had Peace in the inward, and Joy did ſhine in the Face of her outward Man; whilſt ſhe was with us, ſhe was ſowing in Tears; with you was her Harveſt of Comfort, and ſhe returned with great

great Rejoycing, bringing her Sheaves with her. Now as *Manoah*'s Wife argued in another Caſe, *If the Lord were pleaſed to kill us, he would not have received a Burnt-offering, and a Meat-offering, at our Hands; neither would he have ſhewed us all theſe things; nor would, as at this time, have told us ſuch things as theſe.* So I may argue in this, If God was diſpleaſed with you, or if you were out of God's way: If the Fervor of your Zeal, was mingled with the Leaven of Spleen and Prejudice; if you were influenced to this Imbodying by Church-dividing Principles; I ſay, if any of theſe things, much more if all theſe things, were ſo, as your Adverſaries (with more Spite than Reaſon, with more Malice than ſhew of Truth) do alledge againſt you; Would God have ſo filled your firſt Aſſembling with the Glory of his Preſence, as to bruiſe Satan under the Feet of this dejected Damſel, that had been ſo long Rampant in her, and to ſpeak effectual Peace to her down-caſt Soul, who, ſince the hour of her firſt Conviction, never knew what a Moments Peace was before. Now he that can infer a wrong way, or God's being diſpleaſed with that way, from ſuch an unuſual Manifeſtation of his ſpecial Grace and Favour, has an Art beyond what

what I desire to be acquainted with: Oh! that every Congregation in *England*, that call themselves a Church, had so full and clear a Testimony from Heaven, of God's owning them, and his reflecting so on them with the Rays of his Beauty, and the Beams of his Glory, our Land would be in a far better State, as to Religion, than now it is.

To you also, my dear Friends, do I therefore Dedicate the following Narrative, Of the Life and Death of this sweet Lamb, who was of your Fold: When she first heard of the Breathings amongst you, and the Spirit of Judgment, and of Burning with the Lord of Hosts, had poured forth upon you, she could not be satisfied, till she went to see you, and seeing you, she lik'd, and liking you, she joyned with you, and joyning with you, she met with the Comfort which before in vain she sought after: The time to Favour her, yea the set time was come, when she entred her self a Member of your Society, and became as one of your Infant Congregation: Oh! then she found the overflowing Fulness to her, of those Words spoke about Temple-work: That God will not despise the Day of small Things, in which there is a *Meiosis*, that is, something more Intended than Expres-

Expreſſed; God will not deſpiſe the Day of ſmall Things; No, he will eminently appear in, and Glorioufly Honour the Day of ſmall Things, when thoſe Things have a Tendency to his Glory. 'Twas a Day of ſmall Things with you, when this (then Militant now Triumphant) Saint, became acquainted with you; but as mean as you were in outward Appearances, as deſpiſable as you were in the Eyes of the World, you were Precious in God's Sight, who put this great Honorarium upon you, in caſting this unvaluable Jewel into your Boſome, whom, I am more than Confident, the moſt Famous Church in the Nation would have been Glad of, and Thankful for, as a more than common Bleſſing. Certainly, you would not be more Honoured in a State of Mortality, than to have ſuch a Darling of Heaven take her laſt Step in the Borders of your Sanctuary, immediately before her Tranſlation unto Glory.

And now, my dear Friends, having this Opportunity of ſpeaking to you from the Preſs, which I may never have again, I will make bold (as a real Lover of you, and the Cauſe you are ingaged in) to commend a few Words of ſerious Advice, which I pray take as the reſult of my Dying Thoughts,

(for

(for I am not like to trouble the World long) and I hope they may have some Impreſſion on you.

Firſt, Be much affected with the Footſteps of God towards you, and his wonderful Appearance for you in your Church State. We are told, *The Works of the Lord are Great, ſought out of all them that have pleaſure therein. His Work is Honourable and Glorious, and his Righteouſneſs endureth for ever.* If ever People had cauſe to look back, with Admiration, upon the Works of the Lord, and to take Pleaſure therein, ſurely you have, who have ſo abundantly experienced the Truth of what *Bildad* told *Job*, *Though thy beginning be but ſmall, thy latter-end ſhall greatly Increaſe.* Your beginning was but ſmall, and you are not yet come to your latter-end, yet your Progreſſion, and the Acceſſion to you is already very Great; ſo that you are apparently in the moſt thriving Way of any Church I know, or hear of. And ſhould you not remember, even to Admiration, the Divine Wiſdom that has led you, and the Divine Power that has help'd you, though the many Briars and Thorns that lay in your Way. Give me leave therefore (though very briefly) to make a Rehearſal

hearſal (and that *ab initio*) of the many Difficulties you have met with, and yet have been borne up (as upon *Eagle's* Wings) above them, and how you have been carried on in your (or rather God's) Way, in ſpight of them, ſo that you may now ſay with *David*, *By thee we have run through a Troop, and by your God we have leap'd over a Wall.* When the Houſe, where you now meet to Worſhip God, was begun, what Flouts and Jeers were there at it, how did the *Sanballats* Mock and Scoff, with a, — *What do theſe feeble* Jews; ſome cry'd, where will they have Money, others cry'd, where will they have Company: And indeed, they took what Courſe they could, to prevent any Company, by Ingaging all they had any Intereſt in, from hearing a Sermon in that place: What Lies and Shams did they make, to Diſcourage poor People from attending on the Word there: I know ſome of you Breathed unto God, in the Words of *Nehemiah*, *Hear, O our God, for we are Deſpiſed, and turn their Reproach upon their own Head*; which Prayer, in an aſtoniſhing and terrible Manner, (you know what I mean) has been already anſwered; and that ſo viſibly, as was (I am confident) as much beyond your Expectation as Deſire. But the Sheet Anchor of your Adverſaries Hope, for a Blaſ

of

on your Undertaking, was want of Money. It seems they took Measure of the Spirit of God by their own Genius, and so thought he would not, nor could not Work without Money; and where Money was necessary, 'twas above his Power to provide it: But in this they found themselves wofully Mistaken; for the Place was Finish'd, and made Commodious to meet in, and no complaint of the Workmen heard, that they lack'd their Pay: Ay, But though there was Money procur'd for the Place, how should you do for Money to maintain a Minister? This was another Refuge they fled to, as a comfortable Hope of the Works miscarrying: But in this they have been as Successless as the former; for that God, whose is the Earth, and the Fulness thereof, has prevented, even to Astonishment, their Hopes, and your Fears, by opening such an effectual Door, through the Key of his special Providence, that there is, though in a secret and unknown Way, not only a comfortable, but a plentiful and honourable Maintenance secur'd, to your present Worthy Minister: And will you not now look up, and admire! will you not now look up, and adore the interposing Goodness of God! who has a Wheel within the Wheel, who can do, who

does do, and who for you has done, *Great Things, and unſearchable, marvellous Things, without Number.* I have ſo much Charity for the worſt of your Oppoſers, as to Believe, that if they realy did know how ſtrangely the Lord appear'd, with reſpect to Supply, they would have ſo much Chriſtianity as to confeſs, with that Cavelier Captain, in the Civil Wars between the King and Parliament, *God does not ſtand Neuter*: But I muſt put you farther in Mind, of God's exerting his Power for you, not only in ſetting you, as he has done, above the Scoffs of your Enemies; but in Reviving the Work, after a fatal Damp had almoſt been put upon it, by your Friends; for though you cry'd to the great Watchmen of our *Iſrael*, and that in the Words ſounding in *Paul*'s Ears, *Come over to* Macedonia, *and help us*: Though you appealed to the Reverend Fund in *London*, and they own'd your Cauſe, (ſome of them at leaſt very heartily too, to my Knowledge) and frequently ſome from among them, came to your Aſſiſtance; yet I know not by what means there was an unaccountable Delay, in ſending one to be conſtant with you, which was like to have been of pernitious Conſequence; Oh! how like the Troops of *Tema* you look'd! How like

like the Companies of *Sheba* you waited for them; you were Confounded, becauſe you had Hoped; you Sent, and Went, you Wrote, and Begg'd, till at laſt, by repeated Fruſtrations, you were Aſhamed: And now, after all, that God alone may have the Glory of the whole Work, and that nothing of Man may be in it: He (the Great and Mighty Jehovah, and none but he) has ſent you a Man of his own providing, whom he has made ſtrong for himſelf, and richly ſtor'd with the precious Gifts and Graces of his Holy Spirit, whereby he abounds with all the neceſſary Qualifications of a Goſpel-Miniſter; and whom I unfeignedly think (ſince you could not get him who firſt broke the Ice amongſt you, I mean the Excellent Mr. *Robbins*) to be every way the fitteſt Man for you the Nation does afford: And will you not now again, look up, and behold the Wonders great *Elohim* has wrought for you, and be affected therewith, ſo as to Praiſe him who remembred you in your low State, in your deſolate State, for his Mercy endures for Ever: When you, as a poor forſaken caſt off People, were ſeeking for Water, even the running Streams of the Sanctuary, but could find none; and your Tongues were ready to fail for Thirſt, he the Lord did

hear you; yea, he the God of *Israel* did not forsake you; but did open Rivers in high Places, and Fountains in the midst of the Valleys; and made the Wilderness Pools of Water, and the dry Land Springs of Water, for you: Yea, When you were ready to conclude your selves Destitute; and indeed, when we were ready to say bemoaningly of you, *We have a little Sister, but she has no Breasts:* God brought an help-meet for you, (as he did *Eve* to *Adam*) and a mighty Voice, as from the Lord, cryed in all your Ears, *Behold the Man!* And your Hearts were presently inclin'd to him, and his to you, so that there was an immediate Closing.

Now the Lord, of his abundant Mercy, Bless you together, that he may go in and out before you as a Shepherd, and lead you beside the still Waters: That he may take the Two Staves, one called Beauty, (the Word of Life, the Gospel of Salvation) the other called Bands, (Church-discipline, in the Truth and Purity of it) and with them may plentifully feed the Flock of God; over which, the Holy-Ghost hath made him Overseer: That he may at last give up his Account with Joy, saying, Lord, Here am I, and the Children thou hast given me, and those

those not Dead, but Alive: And the Lord help you to know him who has the Oversight over you, and to Esteem him highly for his Works sake: That you may have Everlasting Consolation, and Good Hope through Grace, and be Comforted in your Hearts, and Stablished in every good Word and Work, by his Fruitful and Holy Ministry.

Secondly, My Second Advice to you is, That as you are fixed upon a Congregational Bottom, so you would acquaint your selves by Studying and Reading, with the true Notion of the Congregational Way; for the more you know of it, the better you will like it, and the more you will be in Love with it. I, am past doubt, after long search and enquiring, it comes neareſt to the Rule of any other Way: And this as Learned a Prelate as ever *England* Bred, lately Deceas'd, did Ingeniously confess, I am sure, whoever Reads the Scriptures with a single and unprejudic'd Eye, cannot but see it. Christ never design'd his People, in a Church-state, should be under the Lordly Government, or Domineering of any one Man whatsoever: No, his People, as they are are a Redeemed, so they are a Free People, and have the Right of Go-

vernment in themſelves. The other way does but puff up Miniſters, who are naturally Proud enough; every ſuch Miniſter Fancies he is, *Papa alterius orbis*, hence he Struts and Vapours as a little King, none muſt Preach in his Pulpit, but whom he pleaſes; his Word is a Law, and no Body muſt controul him in any thing he does; But Bleſſed be God your Eyes are Open'd, you ſee a better Way, a Way that makes Religion more Amiable, and the Paths of it more Delightful to the Sons and Daughters of Men. 'Tis a ſtrange Complaint God made of Old, and yet 'tis too much Verify'd in our Days; *The Prophets Prophecy Falſly, and the Prieſts bear Rule by their Means, and my People Love to have it ſo, and what will you do in the end thereof?* Ah! Prieſts Tyranny is the worſt ſort of Tyranny, but I hope 'tis near at an End, the good Lord haſten the total Overthrow of it; I am ſure Religion will never kindly Thrive till then: When Chriſt alone ſits King at his Table, (or, as the *Hebrew* is, Round Table) then the *Spikenard* ſendeth forth the ſmell thereof. 'Tis the Congregational Way that ſhews the Beauty and Glory of Religion to the World; for when a Church is ſo fixed and ſo Principled, then is She *Beautiful as Tizzah, Comely as* Jeruſalem,

ſalem, *and Terrible as an Army with Banners.* Where are the moſt Spiritual-minded Chriſtians? where are the moſt Heavenly Saints, where are the moſt Viſible Children of the Living God, whoſe Hearts are moſt Yearning after Chriſt, whoſe Lives are moſt Shining in Holineſs, and Goſpel-Righteouſneſs, but in the Walls of the Congregational Churches? I know ſome of you have not Time to Read; and perhaps ſome of you have not Money to Buy many Books, I would therefore commend to you that little yet excellent Book (as *Inſtar omnium*) of the Reverend Dr. *Chancy*'s, lately Publiſh'd, which will give you conſiderable Light, and eſtabliſh you in the Congregational Way.

Thirdly, My Third Advice to you is, That you would not be frightned with the Bug-bear Term of *Antinomianiſm*, of which the Blades of this Generation, do Brand the Aſſerters and Propugnators of the Doctrine of Free-Grace. 'Tis true, *Antinomianiſm*, in its proper and true Notion, is as Odious to me as to any Man alive, but in that way which our high-flown Sparks call *Antinomianiſm*, ſo have I, and ſo I hope ſhall I, Worſhip the God of my Fathers, believing all things which are Written

in the Law, and in the Prophets. What *Antinomianism* truly is, is little known by moſt. And I am perſwaded, the Generality (eſpecially the young Fry of *Levites*) who bawl and yawl moſt againſt it, do no more know what it is, than I know what Perſon the next Pope of *Rome* will be. If the Eternal Love of God, if the Doctrine of Imputed Righteouſneſs, if the Abſoluteneſs of the Covenant of Grace, if believing Juſtification to be an immanent and inſtantaneous Act, if the excluding Works, and all other Concauſes whatever, with the Merits of Chriſt in the matter of our Juſtification, be *Antinomianism*, the Lord keep me an *Antinomian* whilſt I live; for in the firm Truth of theſe great Points, I deſire to be found believing when I dye.

Oh! my Dear Friends and Brethren, hold faſt the Form of ſound Words, keep cloſe to the Bleſſed and Glorious Truths of the Goſpel; do not give heed to the Seducing Fables of Men, who cry up Inherent Righteouſneſs, and previous Qualifications, in order to a Regenerate State, making an Idol of them, Singing Songs of Triumph to them, as *Iſrael* did about the Golden Calf, *Theſe be thy Gods, O* Iſrael, *that brought thee up out of the Land of* Egypt. 'Tis the Honour of your Pulpit, that no other

other Sound, but that of *Aaron*'s Golden Bells, no other Melody but Grace, Grace, has as yet been heard there. No Traſh of Legal Righteouſneſs, or Humane Glittering Performances, as Antecedaneous to a cloſing with Chriſt, have been bellow'd forth within your Virgin-Walls, that are yet undefiled (and God of his Mercy ſtill keep them ſo) with the Language of the Beaſt. For though you have had many Preachers, yet they have been all acted by the ſame Spirit, ſpoke the ſame thing, borne Witneſs to the ſame Truth, even Salvation by the Blood of Jeſus; without any Hay or Stubble of Man's Endeavours: And if the Oppoſers of the everlaſting Goſpel, gratifie their Luxuriant Fancies, by Nick-naming it *Antinomianiſm*, Oh! let not that diſcourage or diſturb you.

Fourthly, My laſt Advice to you is, That you would have a ſpecial care of your Walking, you have the Light, Oh! Walk as Children of the Light: You are Foundation Stones, I heartily wiſh none of you may prove rotten or unſound ones, for that will prove very pernicious to your future Building, and moſt dreadful to your own Souls in a dying Hour. Remember, Oh! Remember, *Holineſs becomes the*

House of our God for ever. Holiness is the Crown of the Church-Militant, and it will be for ever the Glory of the Church-Triumphant: You have many Eyes upon you, many envious ones, that are impatiently watching for your halting. Oh! therefore I beseech you, I most humbly and earnestly beg you for the Lord's sake, for your Souls sake, for the Gospel's sake, for your Friends sake, take special heed to your Steps, and that in every respect. Oh! do not fill *Gath* with Joy, or the Streets of *Askelon* with Triumph; put no occasion of insulting in the Mouths of the Uncircumcised, by any Failing or Miscarriage. Grieve not the Spirits of your Friends, by giving your Enemies any just cause to upbraid you. But walk in all things, in all cases, according to the Rule of the Gospel. Loath Sin, and leave it; yea, hate the very Appearance of Evil: Remember the Son of God walks up and down among you, to observe you with his Eyes as Flames of Fire; you are not now in the wide World, but in the Sacred Boundaries of Mount *Zion*, and therefore you cannot Sin at so cheap a Rate as you did before. Oh! that you would follow the Footsteps of your Dear and Precious Sister; She has left you a Copy; Oh! that you

you would Write after it: Oh! that you may so live, Oh! that you may so dye, as she did; Then comfortable will it be for you here, and happy will it be with you hereafter: *As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him, rooted and built up in him, and stablished in the Faith; as ye have been taught, abounding therein with Thanksgiving.* And we will not cease to Pray for you, and incessantly to desire, *That ye might be all filled with the Knowledge of the Will of God, in all Wisdom, and Spiritual Understanding: That ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all well-pleasing, being Fruitful in every good Work, and increasing in the Knowledge of God, Strengthned with all Might, according to his Glorious Power, unto all Patience, and Long-suffering, with Joyfulness. Giving Thanks to the Father, who hath made you meet to be Partakers of the Inheritance of the Saints in Light: Who hath delivered you from the Powers of Darkness, and hath translated you into the Kingdom of his Dear Son.*

My Dear Friends, Excuse my Plainness, bear with my Earnestness, for my Soul loves you, and you are very near my Heart, I would not have you in the least miscarry, or fall short in any thing of the Hopes we have of you, for the whole World: But as you

you have begun, ſo hold out; hold on, and you will certainly Reap at laſt, if you faint not: It is but a little while, and you ſhall be where your Heavenly Siſter is gone before you; even in the Manſions of Eternal Glory, with the ever-bleſſed God, *In whoſe Preſence there is fulneſs of Joy, and at whoſe right-hand there are Pleaſures for ever-more. Now the God of Peace, that brought again from the Dead the Lord Jeſus, that great Shepherd of the Sheep, through the Blood of the Everlaſting Covenant, make you perfect in every good Work, to do his Will, working in you that which is well-pleaſing in his ſight, through Jeſus Chriſt, to whom be Glory for ever and ever, Amen.* And I beſeech you, Brethren, ſuffer the Word of Exhortation, for I have written a Letter unto you in few words; with which I bid you heartily Farewel in the Lord: Sincerely Subſcribing my ſelf,

Your Truly Affectionate Servant,

and Brother in our Deareſt Jeſus,

C. Nicholetts.

TO HIS

Worthy and much valued Friend,

Mr. R. W.

SIR,

I Received yours, wherein you pressingly desire an Account of that young Gentlewoman, Mrs. *Mary Harrison*, who lately went to Heaven from amongst us (whose Fame, I perceive, has reached your Ears.) Really, *Sir*, the Person you enquire after, deserves to be known by the whole World; For I sincerely think, considering every thing, and all Circumstances, as to the manner of her Conversion, and the Fruitful Consequence of it, together with the Agonies of her Soul in yearning after Christ, and her prodigious aspiring Heaven-ward, she has hardly left her Fellow behind her. 'Tis pitty the Pencil was not in an abler Artist's Hand, that her Picture might be drawn to the best Advantage, according to the Truth

of

of thoſe lively Colours, the many Paſſages of her Life would afford to ſet it off; for then I am ſure it would be as valuable (at leaſt in the Eyes of the Serious) as any Life, whoſe Hiſtory has paſs'd the Preſs theſe many Years; and ſo univerſally ſatisfactory, that the Cenſures of the ſevereſt Criticks would be turned into Aſtoniſhment and Admiration. You are pleaſed to tell me, I am the fitteſt Perſon to write the Narrative of her Caſe: I confeſs, in reſpect of my intimate Knowledge of her, and frequent Converſe both day and night with her; and as one to whom ſhe imparted the Secrets of her Soul more fully, more freely, than to any one in the World beſides: I ſay, in this reſpect, 'tis true, none can be more fit, becauſe none knew ſo much of her as I did; but for the proper and methodical wording it, and making it palatable for this nice Age we live in, none is, or can be, more unfit. For beſides, as at beſt, I always was far from an Orator, the many Troubles I have met with in the Series of my Life, (ſome of which are not unknown to you, to whom I have been, for many Years, ſo well known) have ſo blunted the edge of my Fancy, that I am ſcarce capable of Writing in a common Stile. However,

to

to let you ſee what power you have over me, I will expoſe my Weakneſs, and lay my Breaſt open to every carping *Zoilus*, (and there be more than a few of them in every Corner) to give you what Satisfaction I can, in what you ſo paſſionately deſire. I had it in my Thoughts, at the time of her Expiring, to do ſomething of this kind (as far as my Abilities would reach) for Publick Good, but a very Melancholy Affair happening in my Church (of which I have given you an account) ſo took up my Time and Thoughts, and had ſuch an Aſcendant on my Genius, as quite damp'd my Spirit for this, or, indeed, any other Work; ſo I laid it aſide, and ſhould have meddled no more in it, had not your pathetical Letter awakened me, out of the deep Slumber of Indifferency, and *Laodicean* Temper, that Tragical Buſineſs had caſt me into. And no ſooner was I awake, (as I inſtantly was, upon reading your Serious Lines) but I took Pen in Hand, and haſtily drew up what you will ſee in the ſubſequent Leaves; in which, as you will find no Flouriſhes of Wanton Rhetorick to make this Tract look fine and gawdy, ſo I promiſe you, you ſhall meet with no Additions, or Luxuriant Excreſſencies, that may juſtly ſub-

ject:

ject it to the odious Name of *Romantick*: You may depend on my word as a Chriſtian, as a Miniſter, every Paſſage recorded in the following Narrative, relating to this Heavenly Creature, is really true, and that to my own knowledge, as I ſhall anſwer it at the Great Day: And therefore I ſhall make bold to uſe the Apoſtle's words, *That which we have ſeen with our Eyes; that which we have look'd upon; that which we have both ſeen and heard, declare we unto you.* I have this great Advantage, (amongſt many Diſadvantages,) and it is ſuch an Encouragement, without which, I think, I ſhould not have dared to undertake the Task you enjoyn me: Moſt of the People of God in theſe Parts, very well knew the Perſon of whom I write, and frequently diſcourſed with her, and much admir'd the great Work of God in her: To them I can, and do, chearfully appeal, concerning my Faithfulneſs and Integrity in this Work; and I dare ſay, they will blame me for under, not over-ſpeaking; and accuſe me for being too low in the Character I give of her: And that I fall ſhort of what might honeſtly, and with Truth, be ſaid on this ſubject. And it is on this hand, that I deſire always to be found erring. Many things have

ſlip'd my Memory (for I kept no Diary) and ſome things, that to many would appear incredible, I have purpoſely omitted. If therefore diminutive Truth, without ſtraining, or indeed, uſing an Hyperbole; if naked Truth, without any Ornamental Imbroidery, will ſatisfie you, I have no reaſon to deſpair your accepting my Performance, notwithſtanding it is accompanied and clogg'd with ſo much obvious Weakneſs.

As to the Perſon of Mrs. *Mary Harriſon*, (which you ſeem in the firſt place inquiſitive about) ſhe was one of an amiable Countenance, though ſomething pale, very ſlender, of a middle Stature, neither too tall, nor ſhort, curiouſly ſhap'd in the Proportion of her Body, but Sickly and Weekly in her Conſtitution. The Earthly Tabernacle her Soul ſo-journ'd in, was very brittle and infirm, and quickly (with a little Fit of Sickneſs) diſſolv'd, to her unſpeakable gain; for now ſhe has a far better, a much ſtronger, *Building of God, an Houſe not made with hands Eternal in the Heavens.* She was of a quick Underſtanding, and had excellent Parts both Natural and Acquir'd, fit almoſt for any Buſineſs proper to her Sex, of a mild and ſweet Nature,

Nature, exceeding Courteous and Obliging in her Carriage. But for the Frame of her Spirit before Converſion, which you alſo deſire ſome account of, I ſhould in this wholly diſobey you, and draw a ſhadowing Curtain over it. But for the magnifying of Free-Grace extended to ſo Poor a Creature, I will tell you the Truth, and the whole Truth of her, without hiding any part of her dark ſide, or extenuating that Deformity too obvious to all that knew her. She was a meer lump of Pride and Vanity; very Carnal and Ignorant, as to any thing of Soul-concerns; delighting in nothing more than to ſatisfie the Pride of the Eye, the Luſt of the Fleſh, and to uphold the Pride of a Vain Life: Hence ſhe affected, with too great an eagerneſs, fine Cloaths, and the neweſt Faſhions; and being Heireſs of a competent Eſtate, ſhe never thought ſhe was Gawdy enough in her Attire; of which her Mother often, and with great Sadneſs of Heart, complained to me. Her chiefeſt Diverſion was, to be in vain and frothy Company, at Weddings, and Merry-meetings, or going to Feaſts, as young People uſe to do. 'Tis true, ſhe was a conſtant Hearer ever ſince I came to the Place, but 'twas only in a formal cuſtomary

mary way, or becauſe her Parents came, or to ſee who was fineſt, or to be ſeen in her finery her ſelf; It could not be out of any love to the Word, for alas, ſhe never reliſh'd it, nor taſted the Savor of it; nor for any regard to her poor Soul, for alas, ſhe had no ſenſe of its Worth and Preciouſneſs; nor for any deſire to be brought unto Chriſt, for alas, ſhe was wholly Ignorant of him, and might ſay truly, what *Peter* ſaid falſly, *She knew not the Man*: She was in the Fleſh, and did mind the things of the Fleſh, and not at all the things of the Spirit: She looked not at the things that are not ſeen, but only at the things that are ſeen. She knew no higher End than the pleaſing a wanton Fancy; nor deſired any greater Good, than the ſinful Pleaſures that a vain World affords. In a word, *She walked as other Gentiles* (yea, as all the Unconverted walk) *in the Vanity of their mind: Having her Underſtanding darkened, being alienated from the Life of God, through the Ignorance that was in her, becauſe of the Blindneſs of her Heart.* On this account ſhe was a perfect Stranger to me, for though I had liv'd in the Town many Years, I had no manner of Knowledge of her, or Acquaintance with her, any farther than ſeeing her at Meeting,

Meeting, or being ſometimes accidentally in her company among others: She never came to my Houſe, but in the way of a complemental Viſit, and that ſeldom or never alone; ſo that I never had opportunity of ſerious diſcourſing with her; I always beheld her (as our Saviour did *Jeruſalem*) with a Mournful Eye, even ready to Weep over her, as looking upon her in the broad way to Ruin and Deſtruction; and one, to whom the Judgments threatned in the Third of *Iſaiah*, did as properly belong, as to any Perſon that ever I knew: She was well vers'd in worldly things, in worldly Faſhions, in worldly Cuſtoms, in worldly Paſtimes; but in the things of God, ſhe was as ignorant as a *Ninevite*; ſhe knew not her right hand from her left; and as little likely to be wrought upon by the Word, as any Perſon that ever ſat under it; for her Eyes were rowling about, to ſpy who was in the fineſt Dreſs, or who had the neweſt-faſhion'd Cloaths. But that the Efficacy of the Spirit of God is irreſiſtable, and the Influence of Divine Grace immenſely powerful; one would think it utterly impoſſible that ſuch a ſorry piece of Carnality as this young Woman was, and that in every reſpect did manifeſt her

ſelf

ſelf to be, ſhould ever be ſavingly wrought upon; or that ſuch an amazing and moſt wonderful Change (as afterward to the view of all appear'd) ſhould ever be made in her: And the old Adage in *Iſrael*, *Is* Saul *alſo among the Prophets*, was not more remarkable, than that Mrs. *Mary Harriſon* is now among the true Spiritual *Mourners*, was wonderful to all that before knew her. And therefore you are now to prepare your Eyes to behold what you will find writ in legible Characters, and your Ears to harken to what you will hear ſounding in a Charming Dialect, the amazing Stories of the Wonders of Grace, in the thorough and effectual Converſion of this young Damſel, this Virgin-Daughter of *Abraham*, who by the mighty Power of the Lord of Hoſts, was brought out of moſt Horrid Darkneſs, into the beautiful Light of *Jehovah*: And after a wearied Conflict with the Tempter, paſſing through many Pains and Sorrows, through many Fears and Doubts, through many doleful Troubles, and Heart-breaking Agonies, whilſt in the Bondage of *Corruption*, was at laſt *delivered into the Glorious Liberty of the Children of God.*

The

The first News I heard of her awakening, was in *February* 1697. A Good Woman (of my Church) came to my House late at night, with shew of some more than ordinary Tydings in the Form of her Countenance, she desired to speak with me in my Study, where we were no sooner sat down, but she told me, in a Melancholy Tone, Mrs. *Mary Harrison* was in deep Despair, and requested me immediately to repair to her: Whether Mrs. *Mary* sent her, or she came of her own head, I do not remember. I want words to tell you, how exceedingly I was surpriz'd at this unexpected News: I replied, It was then late, and, as I thought, unseasonable, to give her a Visit; and the next day I was unavoidably engaged in a Journey, which I could by no means put off, but at my return would not fail to be with her, if the Lord pleased. With this Answer I dismis'd the Messenger, after whose departure, I began seriously to revolve in my Mind, the Strangeness of the Relation: What! thought I, Mrs. *Mary Harrison*, a proud, vain, ignorant Creature, in Despair about her Soul; Sure this is some Mistake, for I thought as strange of it, as *Thomas* did of his Master's Resurrection; and was ready to say with him,

him, *Except I ſhall ſee in his hands the Print of the Nails, and put my Finger into the Print of the Nails, and thruſt my hand into his ſide, I will not believe.* So thought I, except I hear it from her own Mouth, and ſee cauſe by proper Actions, and ſuitable Expreſſions, to judge the thing real, I will not, I cannot believe it. Indeed *Ananias* was not more backward to give Credit to the Converſion of *Saul*, than I was to any ſuch Change in her; for as he argued in defence of his Incredulity, *Lord, I have heard by many of this Man, how much evil he hath done to thy Saints at* Jeruſalem: *And here he hath Authority from the Chief Prieſts, to bind all that call on thy Name.* And can ſuch a Man be ſo chang'd on a ſudden. Ah! How dull are the beſt of Men, in believing the Wonders of Free Grace: So was I ſaying to my ſelf; I have heard by many (yea, by her own Mother) of this young Woman, that ſhe was mightily puffed up with Pride, and of the things of the Goſpel extreamly ignorant; and I never heard any body ſpeak of her being inclin'd in the leaſt to any thing that is good; and now full of Horror about Eternity, now concerned even to Deſpair about her Immortal Soul. How, or from whence, can this ſudden, this unaccount-

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able Change be? I must confess, to my Shame, I did not know what to think of it; and could scarce give this Report any Entertainment (especially such a Welcome one, as a true one of this nature deserves) in the retiring Room of my Heart: However, though I did not that night speak to her, I spoke for her, and spread that unintelligible, and, indeed, almost incredible Account I had received before the Lord, and fervently begg'd, if there were not, that there might be something in it; that it might be the Lord's time to open her blind Eyes, to break her hard Heart, to enliven her dead Soul, and breathe into her the Breath of Life. The morrow (according to appointment) I went my Journey, but could not get her out of my Thoughts, neither on the Road, nor at the Place where I was, whatever Company I was in, or whatever Business I was about, my Mind still ran on Mrs. *Mary Harrison*. I purposely hasted my return home, much longing to see her, and to be satisfied how it was with her; whether there were indeed any Breathings in her Heart, any Sense in her Soul, any Apprehension of her present Misery, or a future Eternity, and from what ground this Sense arose, and what Operation it had in her Inward Man.

Man. As ſoon, therefore, as I came home, (even before I pull'd off my Boots,) I went to her, and found her in her Chamber alone, ſitting in a very diſconſolate Poſture, her Face clouded, her Eyes caſt down, and her Phyſiognomy ſo miſerably altered, that I could not but call to mind that of the Poet, *Qui color albus erat nunc eſt contrarius albo.* After Salutations, I ſat down by her, and enquired into her Caſe, demanding, What made her look ſo Melancholly, and ſeclude her ſelf from Company. She replied, She had reaſon enough to be Melancholly, for that ſhe was one of the Loſt Perſons from whom the Goſpel was hid. I had a little before (at the deſire of a Godly Friend) preach'd two Sermons on 2 *Cor.* 4. 3. *But if our Goſpel be hid, it is hid to them that are loſt.* Which the Lord bleſs'd with Succeſs to more than this Maiden-Gentlewoman; another was awaken'd by it, who is ſince joyn'd to our Church. But I told Mrs. *Mary* ſhe argued wrongly againſt her ſelf; for if the Goſpel were indeed hid from her, ſhe would have no manner of Senſe of that Judgment; for all that are Reprobates, and ſo in a loſt State, the Goſpel being hid from them, are paſt feeling, having their Conſciences ſeared, as with an hot Iron.

But you, ſaid I, having, thorough Mercy, ſuch a quick Feeling, and being ſo awfully apprehenſive of the Dreadfulneſs of the Judgment, are ſo far from having the Goſpel hid from you, that you may be aſſured God is Graciouſly coming towards you, to reveal the Beauty and Glory of it unto you. This did not ſatisfie her, but perſiſting in her Deſpairing Language, told me, ſhe was in a Periſhing Condition, and ſhould be Damn'd. I asking a Reaſon of this Deſperate Concluſion, ſhe, with a Ghaſtly Look, and Mournful Accent, anſwered, I have been a great Sinner, and there is no Mercy or Pardon for me, What ſhall I do? What will become of me for ever? At the pronouncing of theſe words, ſhe Trembled, wrung her Hands, and wept bitterly. Upon which I applied my ſelf to her in the following Terms, Mrs. *Mary*, You (through Ignorance, as yet, of the Goſpel) are guilty of a great Miſtake, in inferring an Impoſſibility of Pardon from the Greatneſs of your Sins. For this is to argue againſt the Nature of Free-Grace, which overtakes, and faſtens hold on the very Greateſt and Worſt of Sinners: And againſt the Compact of the Father and the Son, in the Covenant of Redemption: For as in that Covenant, the Father, on his part,

part, promiseth the sending down of his Spirit, to bow and bend the Wills, and incline the Hearts of the most Obstinate and Rebellious Sinners, to lay hold upon a Saviour by a true and lively Faith: So the Son, on his part, promised to give himself a Propitiatory Sacrifice upon the Cross, sufficient to atone the greatest Sins any of the Posterity of *Adam* could possibly be guilty of, whereby, to the Amazement of Men and Angels, Pardon is not only a Gracious but a Righteous Act in God, and the Sinner may plead for it upon account of that Everlasting Atonement made by the Son of God. This the Apostle *John*, who lean'd on Christ's Bosom, and thereby knew the Secrets of his Heart, and the Wonders of Redeeming Grace flowing from his Lips: I say, he, even he, plainly declares, and clearly holds forth this adorable Truth in that Gospel-Apothegm, 1 Epist. 1. 9. *If we confess our Sins, he is Faithful and Just* (mark that) *to forgive us our Sins, and to cleanse us from all Unrighteousness.* Moreover, I farther told her, this arguing is against the very literal meaning of many Sweet and Precious Promises made by the Lord himself, on purpose to put such Poor Distressed Creatures as you are, out of Doubt of his

Grace and Mercy. As that in *Iſa.* 1. 18. *Come now, and let us reaſon together, ſaith the Lord, though your Sins be as Scarlet, they ſhall be as white as Snow; though they be red like Crimſon, they ſhall be as Wool.* Come, Mrs. *Mary*, ſaid I, What do you think of this Reaſoning from the Richneſs of the Covenant of Grace, and from the Infiniteneſs of that Satisfaction made for Sin by the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, the Mediator of the New Covenant? Her anſwer was, This Promiſe belongs to thoſe that are in Chriſt, but I am far enough from him, and have no mind to him, nor no Heart to believe in him, nor can I do any thing that is good. I told her ſhe ſpoke as a Legaliſt, not yet acquainted with the Way and Myſtery of the Goſpel, which calls Perſons from themſelves, and ſhews them their utter Inability and Incapacity to do any thing of themſelves. Then I turn'd her to another Promiſe, *Iſa.* 43. 24. *Thou haſt bought me no ſweet Cane with Money, neither haſt thou filled me with the Fat of thy Sacrifices, but thou haſt made me to ſerve with thy Sins, thou haſt wearied me with thine Iniquities.* I ask'd her what ſhe could ſay worſe of her ſelf, than God ſaid of this People, ſo full of all manner of Abominations. But yet, ſaid I, Pray obſerve the

the two next Verses, 25, 26. *I, even I, am he, that blotted out thy Transgressions for my own sake, and will not remember thy Sins. Put me in remembrance, let us plead together: Declare thou, that thou mayest be justified.* I told her from these words, that a putting God in remembrance of his Gracious Promise, to pardon and forgive Sin (any Sin, all Sins, how great soever) and to blot out all Iniquities (let their Magnitude or Multitude be what it will) upon the account of Christ's infinite Satisfaction which he has given to Divine Justice; and an humble (yet earnest) Pleading the avail of it at the Throne of Grace, would be more pleasing and acceptable to God, and far more Comfortable and Beneficial for her, than thus in Diffidence and Despair, to lye down under the Sense of Guilt, and give up her self as lost, precluding thereby, the Operation of the Spirit of God, which would work a saving Repentance unto Life in her. The answer she made was, This Promise (how Sweet soever in it self it was) could be of no use, nor afford any Comfort to her in her present Condition; for that she could not Pray, or Plead, at all, and her Heart was quite barr'd and bolted against any good Motion or Inclination, and she was as one wholly destitute

of the Spirit, and forſaken of God. And then lamentably cry'd out, My Day is paſt, and I am Undone, Undone. I ask'd her, if ever ſhe was in the like Condition before: She anſwered, No, never in her Life. Then I told her, What ſhe had ſaid, was not, could not be true, if God's Word may be believ'd; for according to that, none but thoſe who were *Once enlightned* (which ſhe never was before) *and have taſted of the Heavenly Gift* (which ſhe never before did) *and were made Partakers of the Holy Ghoſt* (which did never ſtir in her before) *and have taſted the good Word of God* (the reliſh and ſavor of which, ſhe never before underſtood) *and the Powers of the World to come* (to which ſhe had been hitherto altogether a Stranger) can poſſibly be in danger of having their Day paſt: And therefore this being the firſt time of God's coming towards her in an awakening manner, alarming her Soul with the Senſe of a Future State, though her Sins were ſo terribly ſet in order before her; yet her diſtracting and terrifying Fears were without any Scriptural Ground: For (as I farther alledg'd) this was God's common way of dealing with thoſe whom he deſign'd ſpecial Love and Mercy to; firſt to ſhew them their loſt and undone Condition

dition by Nature (as they are the wretched Off-ſpring of Fallen *Adam*) and to ſhake them over the Scorching Flames of Hell, and make them tremblingly apprehenſive of his deſerved Wrath and Indignation, that ſo the Redemption wrought out by, and made moſt ſecure in the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, might be the more precious and valuable to them, when they are made to ſee it, and have a joyful Senſe of it, by the enlightning Efficacy of God's Spirit, which ſhe was now believingly to be expecting of; for I aſſured her, in the Name of the Great God; it was not far from her, urging, for her Support under the Burthen of her preſent Calamity, that ſweet Promiſe, *Hab.* 2. 3. *For the Viſion is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it ſhall ſpeak and not lie: Though it tarry, wait for it, becauſe it will ſurely come, it will not tarry.* By Viſion here (I told her) is meant the Manifeſtation of the Light of God's Countenance, and the Glory of his Preſence; and there is a ſecret appointed time in the Breaſt of the Father, for reviving the drooping Spirit, and raviſhing the ſadned Heart of every Elect Son and Daughter of *Adam*, with this great and glorious Mercy: But ſhe muſt patiently wait this appointed time for it; and this plain Word of God

aſſures her, ſhe would not be deceived in her Expectation. I alſo (for her Incouragement) inſtanced the bitter Paſſion of Sorrow poor *Mary Magdalen* was in, from the Senſe of her horrid Sins, and moſt vile and filthy Pollutions. And the great and Soul-amazing Shakings the Gaoler had, from the dreadful Apprehenſions of his miſerable State, and the doleful Agonies of his Soul, in the Senſe of Hell and Damnation. And yet what Comfort both of them met with, what abundant Satisfaction both of them had, by the Lord's ſpeaking effectual Peace to their Souls: But whatever I could ſay (and much more (through the good Hand of my God upon me) to this purpoſe I did ſay) ſhe ſtill continued in a lamentable manner under the Power of Deſpair, hideouſly crying out, ſhe was ſure there was no Mercy for her. By which I perceiving, that no words, how right ſoever, were, at preſent, forcible, ſo as to have any Effect upon her. It growing late, and I much wearied with travelling and ſpeaking, after ſolemn ſeeking the Lord for her, I at that time left her; I cannot tell you whether with more Joy, or Sorrow: Joy, that there was ſo eminent a Work begun in her, which plainly appear'd to me to be of God, for I ſaw

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a thorough Work of Conviction wrought by the mighty Power of *Jehovah*, in her Soul; and I doubted not, but design'd (by him who brings forth Meat out of the Eater, and Sweet out of the Strong) for her Eternal Good, though the Tempter, for the present, had such an ascendant upon her. Or Sorrow, that she was groveling in such hideous Darkness, and left to struggle with the Horrors of a wounded Spirit, which, as the wise Man implicitly tells us, is far more deplorable, and much less tolerable, than any Sickness or Infirmity (how great or sore soever) of the Body can be. It was not long, before I gave her another Visit, and then found her under dreadful Consternation of Mind, through the violent and malicious Assaults of Satan, who, as a roaring Lyon, was seeking to devour, or rather swallow up this distressed Damsel, by the multitude of vain, wicked, yea, blasphemous Thoughts he cast into her; whereof she wofully complained (and that in a lamentable and heart-melting Accent) to me: Oh Sir, says she (with dismal black Clouds in the Horizon of her Countenance) you little think what a prodigious, vile, wicked and abominable Wretch I am; my Heart is full of most horrid blasphemous Thoughts

againſt God; my Mind is running upon nothing but what is Evil, and that of the deepeſt dye: Surely there is none, there can be no ſuch groſly wicked Perſon as I in the World; as there is no Sorrow, ſo there is no Wickedneſs like mine. To which I replied, Mrs. *Mary*, As for the Thoughts you complain of, with ſo much Bitterneſs of Heart, they are not yours, neither are you chargeable with them, God will not impute them to you, they are thrown into you by the evil one, who is doing you all the ſpite he can, and trying all means to make your Life every way uncomfortable, and therefore I would have you (and Oh! that you would harken unto me) to caſt Satan's Brats (with an Holy Scorn) at his own Door, bidding Defiance to him and all his Curſed Suggeſtions: For I tell you (as from the Lord) what is your Grief, or Burthen now, will not be charg'd upon you, as your Sin hereafter. Then I commended to her Serious Conſideration, that pathetical Scripture, 1 *John* 3. 20. *For if our Heart condemn us, God is greater than our Heart, and knoweth all things.* From whence I told her, yea, thus argued with her, Though your trembling Heart does indeed condemn you, and your very Soul is perplexed

plexed in the abhorring Senſe of theſe horrid Thoughts, and you are in extream Bitterneſs and Sorrow therefore, yet God who is greater than your Heart, and who knows all things, very well knows the Source and Spring from whence theſe abominable evil Thoughts flow, and the Power by which they are injected into you; and though you are laying your ſelf ſo low even as Hell, abhorring your ſelf in Duſt and Aſhes, and condemning your ſelf ſo grievouſly for them; this Righteous, this All-ſeeing, this All-knowing God, is ſo far from Condemning you, that he is pitying you in this great Diſtreſs and Anguiſh you are: You in this your deep Affliction, *Jehovah*, the Lord of your Righteouſneſs, is afflicted; and the Angel of his Preſence ſhall ſave you: And in his Love, and in his Pitty, he will (I queſtion not) in his own way, which you muſt ſubmit to, and in his own time, which you muſt wait for, redeem you from the Snares of the Deceiver, and he will bare you, and carry you (as he did all his Tempted ones in the Days of Old) even as upon Eagles Wings, above the reach of this, or any other Deluſion whatſoever. But whatever I ſaid of this nature, took no hold upon her, ſo as to adminiſter any Comfort or Satis-

Satisfaction to her, for the Ephah of her Sorrow was not yet filled up: No, ſhe was to be plunged yet deeper in the Furnace of Tribulation; ſhe was yet to paſs thorough hotter and more ſcorching Fiery Tryals; ſhe was yet to drink a much larger Draught of that bitter Cup her Redeemer drank of before her, and in a more dolorous manner to be Baptized with that Baptiſm he was Baptized with: She was yet to be more dreadfully and terribly ſhaken, and to be exempted from Veſſel to Veſſel, that ſhe might at laſt know the Righteouſneſs of the Lord: And therefore after a little more Conference with her, and going to the Throne of Grace for her, I again took leave of her, with an akeing Heart for her, and yearning Bowels towards her. By this time her Fame began to ſpread abroad, and ſhe was talk'd of far and near, the general Subject of moſt Peoples Diſcourſe; and their Diſcourſe about her, was according to their various Apprehenſions and Inclinations; the Vain and Carnal ones thought ſhe was in Love, and upon that Theam the Spicket of their Tongues were looſned, to vent the Froth of their Hearts. Indeed their thoughts about Love was not amiſs, only they were miſerably miſtaken both in the Nature,

Nature, and in the Object of it; the Byas of her Affections ran towards an unseen Jesus, whom the World never knew, and (as a Chaos of Darkness) cannot comprehend: Her deep Care and Concern, was for her Immortal Soul, which all that are in the Gall of Bitterness, and in the Bond of Iniquity (and all of the World are so) have no Thought or Anxiety about. 'Tis present not future Happiness that they are in the eager pursuit of. But the People of God, in these Parts, who had passed through the Pangs of the New Birth themselves, (and therefore capable of judging her Condition) very well knew the Nature of her Distemper, and the unexpressibleness of her Woe, according to *Solomon*'s Apothegm, *The Spirit of a Man may sustain his Infirmity, but a wounded Spirit who can bear.* These I say pittied her, and heartily sympathized with her in her Spiritual Dolours; and they arose every one from his own place, (like *Job*'s Friends) and came to bemoan her, and to comfort her, for they saw the Grief of her Soul was very great. And indeed she had a very large room (beyond whatever I knew of one under her Circumstances) in the Hearts and Affections of the best Saints amongst us; abundantly manifested in their

their frequent Visiting her, and inviting her to their Houses, taking no small Pains with her, to strengthen her feeble Knees, to support her fainting Spirits, and to refresh her wearied Soul, pined away almost to Death, by communicating their Experiences of God's working upon their Hearts in the day of his first appearing to them, when he *opened their Eyes, and turned them from Darkness unto Light, and from the Power of Satan unto God*; and gave them a joyful Sense of the *Forgiveness of their Sins*, and a comfortable Taste of the *Inheritance* which they shall for ever have among *them that are Sanctified by Faith which is in Christ Jesus*. And what Refreshments (after many sad and sore Conflicts) they particularly found from the Presence of the Lord, reflecting on them with the Rays of his Beauty, and the Beams of his Glory; and what Comfortable Dawnings, yea, Ravishing Shinings, they very often had, after a dark stormy night. And this every one did, according to the Measure of their Attainment and Experience. They all (as *Eliphaz*, *Bildad*, and *Zophar*) spake unto her by turns, and then they all return'd to speak unto her; but though in their reiterated speaking they said all this (yea, more than this) yet it had little or no

Effect

Effect upon her, ſhe remain'd (notwithſtanding all poſſible Endeavours uſed, and unwearied Pains taken, by many Precious Sons and Daughters of *Zion*) in a very diſtreſſed and diſconſolate State, even Mourning as one without hope: She ſeem'd in her mournful Geſture, and doleful Behaviour, to ſpeak in the Sad and Melancholy Language of the Church, *Is it nothing to you, all ye that paſs by? Behold and ſee, if there be any Sorrow like unto my Sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me, in the day of his fierce Anger: From above hath he ſent Fire into my Bones, and it prevailed againſt them: He hath ſpread a Net for my Feet, he hath turned me back, he hath made me Deſolate and Faint all the day. For theſe things I Weep, mine Eye runneth down with Water, becauſe the Comforter that ſhould relieve my Soul, is far from me.* And again, *I am that Maid that hath ſeen Affliction by the Rod of his Wrath. He hath led me, and brought me into Darkneſs, but not into Light. Surely againſt me is he turned, he hath turned his Hand againſt me all the day. My Fleſh and my Skin hath he made old, he hath broken my Bones. He hath builded againſt me, and compaſſed me with Gall and Travel. He hath ſet me in dark places, as they that be dead of old. He*

hath

hath hedged me about, that I cannot get out; he hath made my Chain heavy. Also when I cry and ſhout, he ſhutteth out my Prayer. Theſe, Oh! theſe, were the Hieroglyphick Bemoanings of her Soul, in every minute Circumſtance of her Carriage: Indeed her watry Eyes, her pale Cheeks, her ghaſtly Countenance, her trembling Joynts, the great Diſorder and Confuſion of her outward and inward Man, mournfully ſpoke in a ſilent yet pathetical Dialect, what *Job* ſpoke with his Lips, *Have pity upon me, O ye my Friends, have pity upon me, for the Hand of God hath touched me.* Though this was the Language of her mournful Geſture to all that were near her, yet was not her Mouth cloſed, ſhe articulately ſpoke many bitter and doleful things. Truly it would have melted an Heart of Stone (I am ſure it did mine) to have heard her daily Bemoanings, and her nightly Lamentations: And that in a Tone, as I have ſometimes verily thought ſcarcely Humane. She had no delight in any thing, no eaſe in her Spirit, no Satisfaction in her Mind, no Comfort alone or in Company: *Her Harp was turned into Mourning, and her Organ into the Voice of them that Weep: She was made to poſſeſs Months of Vanity, and wearieſome nights were appointed for her.*

her. She was full of toſſings to and fro to the dawning of the day. Hence it was ſhe could not refrain her Mouth, but did grievouſly ſpeak in the Anguiſh of her Spirit, and lamentably complain in the Bitterneſs of her Soul. How often would ſhe cry out, there was none in the World ſo bad as ſhe, my Heart is harder than any Body can conceive, or poſſibly imagine; I do not, I cannot love Chriſt, or have any deſire after him: I am as dry as a Stick, as Sapleſs as a Stone, I cannot believe, I cannot repent, I cannot Pray, I have not one good thought, and therefore it cannot otherwiſe be, but I muſt Periſh for ever. In theſe dolorous Bemoanings ſhe even waſted and pined away: She was *weary with her Groaning; all the night ſhe made her Bed to ſwim, yea, ſhe water'd her Couch with her Tears.* Her Eye was conſumed becauſe of Grief, it waxed old becauſe of the Enemy of her Salvation, who provoked her to Deſpondency, and to a roaring out for Sorrow, becauſe the Lord had hid his Face from her, and left her to ſtruggle with thoſe Temptations of Horror, that (like the Sons of *Zerviah*) were too hard for her. And though many excellent Saints, and experienced Chriſtians (as the Sons and Daughters of *Jacob*, upon *Joſeph*'s ſuppoſed Death)

Death) aroſe to comfort her, and left no means uneſſay'd in order thereunto; yet ſhe (like *Jacob*) refuſed to be comforted, and ſeemed (with him) reſolved to go to the Grave Mourning. Thus he wept, thus ſhe mourn'd, as one that had no hope, and that continually. Her Chamber was a perfect *Rama*, where no other Voice, but that of Wo, Lamentation, and bitter Bewailing, was day and night to be heard. Inſomuch that ſhe was an Heart-breaking Grief to her Friends, a Burthen to her ſelf, and an amazing Spectacle of Aſtoniſhment to all that look'd upon her. The Lord Pardon the Hardneſs of my Heart, that having theſe things under review, I am no more affected. Never did I ſee ſuch a Mournful Sight, never did I hear ſuch a doleful Sound; and I think, never was there a Creature more exactly like in Sorrow to her Redeemer, in the day of his Humiliation, when he ſaid of himſelf, *My Soul is exceeding Sorrowful, and heavy unto Death.* I had great Thoughts and Akeings of Heart about her, what the Iſſue of theſe things would be; my very Soul travelled in Birth, till Chriſt was formed in her; till ſhe was made (through the up-lifting of the Spirit) to ariſe and ſhine, as ſeeing Light to be come, and the Glory

Glory of the Lord to be riſen upon her. I pray'd for her, I pray'd with her, I cry'd day and night to the mighty God of *Jacob* in her behalf. I wept, I ſigh'd, I ſobb'd, my Heart was ready to break, my Soul mourn'd in ſecret places, becauſe the Chariot-wheels of Deliverance drove ſo heavily on. I choſe ſuitable Subjects (as I thought) for her Condition, to Preach upon in publick, and did many times apply what I delivered, particularly to her. She ſate juſt againſt me, in the next Pew to the Pulpit. Her Eyes were continually fixed on me, but with ſo ghaſtly and pittiful a look, which had ſuch an Impreſſion on me, that I could ſcarce refrain Tears whenever I caſt my Eyes upon her. She always repair'd after Evening Sermon to the Repetition Lecture in the middle of the Town, carried on by a Godly Zealous Brother of our Church, who never failed to pour out his Soul in Prayer to God for her, and that in a moſt affectionate melting manner: I was many times (as oft as my Weakneſs would permit) there my ſelf; and when all was over, I uſed to take her by the Hand, and ſmilingly ask her, Come Dear Mrs. *Mary*, how is it with you, has God ſpoken any thing to your Soul to day? Have you reliſh'd and ſavor'd

any

any thing you have heard? Her anſwer (I very well remember) was always the ſame: No; my Heart is too hard; I have not been in the leaſt ſenſible of any thing you have deliver'd this day, you had as good have Preach'd to a Stone as to me. And then pulling her Hood over her Eyes, to hide her Tears, would penſively go away, for ſhe could never bear to be long in any Company. This, Oh! this, filled my Heart with unexpreſſible Sadneſs, that no word (how ſuitable ſoever) would faſten; that no Truth (how Pertinent ſoever) would take hold on her; that one Sabbath came ſucceſſively after another, but ſhe never the better, her Soul was not at all refreſh'd by any Waters flowing from the Sanctuary. I want words to tell you how my wounded Spirit was upon the Rack; how my diſturbed Mind was in a Flame, for this young diſconſolate Gentlewoman, who was ſo miſerably walking in Darkneſs, that ſhe could ſee no Light; who was ſo wofully under the Gripings of Satan, that ſhe could by no means be perſwaded to truſt in the Name of the Lord, or ſtay her ſelf upon her God. In this deplorable State (lying among the Pots) ſhe continued many Weeks, without any ſenſible Alteration, unleſs for the worſe:

worſe: That ſhe was in a loſt undone Condition, having an hard unbelieving Heart, without any Intereſt in Chriſt (or like to have any) was the *Verſus intercularis*, or the Burthen of the Song, in her continued uninterrupted dolorous Complaint. At laſt (in the midſt of ſome ſerious Diſcourſe) ſhe deſired me to keep a day with her, to ſeek the Lord for her, to which I willingly conſented (as very glad of the Motion) ſhe deſired ſome other Miniſter might be alſo aſſiſtant in the Work; to which I freely gave way. She then ask'd me, what Miniſter would be moſt acceptable to me. I anſwered, I was very indifferent, and deſired her to pleaſe her ſelf, and ſhe would not, nor could not, diſpleaſe me. She propounded Mr. *Earl* of *Goſpert*, who, I think, was ſome Relation to her. I told her, with all my Heart. Accordingly we met at a Private Houſe in the Town, with ſeveral Chriſtian Friends. Mr. *Earl* began with Prayer, and I with Preaching, from theſe words, *Pſal.* 43. 5. *Why art thou caſt down, O my Soul? And why art thou diſquieted within me? Hope in God, for I ſhall yet Praiſe him, who is the Health of my Countenance, and my God.* I directed my Diſcourſe wholly to her, and ſpake all (as far as God help'd me) that I could

could judge proper for her to hear (under the Circumſtances ſhe at that time was) ſhe ſate at the Table juſt againſt me, fixing her Eyes conſtantly on me, with a doleful and pitty-commanding look. But nothing I ſaid (as I could by after-diſcourſe perceive) made any Impreſſion on her. After I concluded with Prayer, Mr. *Earl* then Preach'd, his Text was, *John* 14.27. *Peace I leave with you, my Peace I give unto you, not as the World giveth, give I unto you.* She was in appearance, a great deal worſe after this day, than ſhe was before: Her Temptations were more rampant, her Breakings-out in bitter and diſmal Complaints, were more violent, and her Sorrow (great enough before) did every way more abundantly increaſe; which made my Soul mourn in ſecret, breathing forth the ſad words of the Church, *O Lord God of Hoſts, how long wilt thou be angry againſt the Prayer of thy People. Thou feedeſt this poor Creature with the Bread of Tears, and giveſt her Tears to drink in great meaſure.* One night very late (I cannot forget it) I was ſent for in all haſte to her; when I came, I found her in the moſt dreadful Agonies, under the moſt horrible Conſternation of Spirit, as 'twas poſſible for any of the Children of Men on this ſide the

the Lake of Burning to be poſſeſſed with: She cry'd, ſhe roar'd out in a moſt terrible manner (even beyond an humane Accent) as if ſhe had been at the brink of Hell, ready to be ſwallowed up in the bottomleſs Gulf, *The Sorows of Death compaſſed her, and the Pains of Hell took hold upon her, yea, ſhe found Trouble* (and to the Amazement) *and Sorrow* (even to the Aſtoniſhment) of all that were in the Chamber with her: I was at my Wits end what to do, to ſpeak any thing, I too evidently ſaw was but in vain, and yet I could not, I dar'd not be ſilent: She took no notice of any words, upon what Topick ſoever enforced, nor in the leaſt minded the Sluces of Conſolation (how Sweet and Pleaſant ſoever) that were opened to her: I pray'd and intreated her, I begg'd and beſeeched her, I ſpoke to her in the moſt moving and melting Language I was capable to utter, and that with Tears in my Eyes, with Contrition in my Heart, with Compunction in my bleeding Soul, that ſhe would compoſe her ſelf, and fix her mind to look up to the Lord, and with her Eyes to *have reſpect to the Holy one of* Iſrael, who would help her (and that with the ſaving Aid of his right hand) if ſhe would believe in him; who would comfort

comfort her (and that with the raviſhing Comforts of his bleſſed Spirit) if ſhe would caſt her ſelf upon him: Minding her in way of Paraphraſe, what *Moſes* ſaid to *Iſrael*, *There is none like unto the God of* Jeſhurun, *who rideth upon the Heaven in thy help, and in his Excellency on the Sky. The Eternal God is thy refuſe, and underneath are the everlaſting Arms, and he ſhall thruſt out the Enemy from before thee, and ſhall ſay, deſtroy them.* That Enemy, ſaid I, who is now ſo exceeding rampant in you, who is now ſo maliciouſly affrightning and terrifying you with the Senſe of Hell and Wrath (which yet will never be your Portion) this very Enemy God will thruſt out from you; yea, this envious Satan (that does you now ſo much Miſchief) the God of Peace will moſt aſſuredly bruiſe under your Feet ſhortly; and then you ſhall dwell in Safety alone, the Enemy ſhall no more trouble you, nor be perplexing of you: And your Fountain ſhall be upon a Land of Corn and Wine. Alſo his Heavens ſhall drop down Dew; that is, the Doctrine and Graces of the Goſpel, the Spirit of the Lord Jeſus breathing therein, ſhall drop down in a Soul-reviving, Soul-refreſhing, yea, in a Soul-raviſhing manner upon you: And then, *You ſhall grow*

grow as the Lilly, and caſt forth your Root as Lebanon; *your Branches ſhall ſpread, and your Beauty ſhall be as the Olive-tree, and your Smell as* Lebanon. And then thus *dwelling under his Shadow, you ſhall return, you ſhall revive as the Corn, and grow as the Vine; and your Scent ſhall be as the Wine of* Lebanon. And then, Oh then, you will be an happy, a thrice happy Virgin in our *Iſrael*; *And who will be like unto you*, though now a diſtreſſed Maid, yet then, *Saved by the Lord.* Who will awake for you, as one *awaketh out of ſleep, and as a mighty Man that ſhouteth by reaſon of Wine:* And will deliver you out of the hand of your preſent Tormentor, who will be the Shield of your help, and the Sword of your Excellency. And the Enemy of your Salvation, who is now Suggeſting many uncomfortable and moſt falſe things to you, whereby you are ſo lamentably diſquieted in your Spirit (even to Diſtraction) will then be found (as he is, and as from the beginning he has been) a Liar to you. *And you ſhall tread upon high places*, and ſo be infinitely above the reach of all his fiery Darts, that not one of them ſhall ſting or hurt you any more for ever. But alas, all that I ſpake (or all that any could ſpeak) to this purpoſe, was (but like the weak

Trajans caſting their feeble Arrows at the Conquering *Grecians*) wholly in vain: I could not in the leaſt allay her Grief, or aſſwage the Torrent of her violent Paſſion, which was at the greateſt height I ever beheld in any Creature before. I knew not how to leave her (in the horrible Pit, in the miry Clay of ſuch Soul-tormenting Diſtreſs) and yet I plainly diſcern'd, it was to no purpoſe to ſtay with her; ſo outragious was her Grief, and ſo beyond all bounds of Moderation was her Sorrow; Horror and moſt dreadful Deſpair had ſuch a powerful Aſcendant on her, that her poor Heart was like to break, yea, ſhe was even ready to dye, for fear of Eternal dying. Oh! how was this tender Lamb in *Zion* rufully afraid becauſe of her Sins, which were ſet in order before her, and continually ſtaring her in the Face: How did amazing Fearfulneſs lamentably ſurprize her, in the awful ſenſe of *dwelling with the devouring Fire*, that can never be put out, and in the doleful Apprehenſion of rowling upon thoſe Pillars of everlaſting Flames, that never will ceaſe burning. Verily, had ſhe ſeen with her Eyes, the Sulphurous Torches; had ſhe heard with her Ears, the diſmal Groans of the Damned; yea, had ſhe actually felt the very

very Torments thoſe endure, who are ſurrounded with horrid Miſts of Darkneſs in the Eternal Shades below, ſhe could hardly expreſs her ſelf in a more dolorous, in a more grievous manner than ſhe did; ſuch Heart-melting, ſuch Soul-piercing Complaints; ſuch a mournful crying out of a loſt State, of a barren Mind, of a Certainty of being Damned, never ſounded (at leaſt in my Ears) before. I had much ado to perſwade her to a Compoſedneſs till I went to Prayer with her; in which Duty I pleaded with the Lord (according to the meaſure of the Spirit given me) for her, that the ſounding of his Bowels of Pitty and Compaſſion, might be moved towards her; that he would Graciouſly hear this Dejected Creature (as he did *Ephraim*) bemoaning of her ſelf in his very words; *I am aſhamed, yea, even Confounded, to bear the Reproach of my Youth.* And that he would ſay of her, as he did of him; *Is* Ephraim, *my dear Son, is he a pleaſant Child; for ſince I ſpake againſt him, I do earneſtly remember him ſtill, therefore my Bowels are troubled for him, and I will ſurely have Mercy upon him, ſaith the Lord.* When I concluded Prayer, I took a very ſorrowful leave of her, being towards Morning. 'Tis ſaid, *For the Diviſions of* Reuben *there*

were great thoughts of heart. And again, *For the Diviſions of* Reuben *there were great Searchings of heart.* I am ſure for the Spiritual Troubles, for the Deſpairing Sorrow of this young Gentlewoman, there were great Thoughts and Searchings of Heart; great Diſtreſs and Anxiety of Mind, both by me and many others. And truly we were (and we could not but be) between Hope and Fear about her: We would fain hope the Lord deſign'd Love and Mercy to her precious Soul, notwithſtanding the many bitter and grievous things he wrote againſt her, and the great and fearful Trials ſhe was exerciſed with; but then the ſtrangeneſs, the unparallell'dneſs of her Grief, the intollerable Heavineſs and Weight of that Burthen ſhe groaned under; the apparent Prevalency of the Tempter over her, (for ſhe ſeemed to be wholly in his Clutches) and above all, the woful and moſt horrible uninterrupted Deſpairingneſs of her Language (for I know not how long time together) gave a little Check to thoſe Hopes we were willing to retain, and made too much room for Fear and Doubts in our Thoughts concerning her. Indeed we were all at our Wits end, and could not tell what to think or ſay of her. For my part I can truly

truly ſay, her Caſe took up my whole time; I could hardly mind any thing elſe; Day and Night were my Thoughts buſily imploy'd, what courſe to take for her, or what means to uſe, that might be of avail to her. And after many Wreſtlings, with Sighs and Groans unto God in her behalf; and revolving many things in my perplexed Mind about her ſad Condition, I at laſt called to mind the words of our Lord Jeſus, *This kind of Devil goeth not out, but by Prayer and Faſting.* It came therefore into my Thoughts, to try once more that way, that never-failing way, when manag'd rightly, and in good earneſt. And being not very well ſatisfied with the manner of keeping the Firſt day, upon ſeveral Accounts not proper here to mention, I reſolved to take another (and, as I judg'd, a more effectual) courſe; that is, to deſire the Church to ſet a-part a Solemn day of Humiliation, to cry mightily unto God on her behalf: And I was mightily encouraged to this way, by what I found recorded in Sacred Writ, in which there was an overflowing Fulneſs as to me, and a very Incentive to a Proceeding in my intended Deſign, *In* Judah *is God known, his Name is great in* Iſrael. *In* Salem *alſo is his Tabernacle, and his dwelling*

place in Zion. *There brake he the Arrows of the Bow, the Shield, and the Sword. And the Battle* Selah. And a little farther we find theſe words, *When God aroſe to Judgment, to ſave all the Meek of the Earth: Surely the Wrath of Man ſhall Praiſe thee; the remainder of Wrath ſhalt thou reſtrain.* Now, thought I (muſing on this Sweet Portion of Scripture) as the Wrath of Man, ſo the Wrath of Satan ſhall Praiſe God; and the ramainder of that Wrath (how fierce or boiſterous ſoever) God will moſt certainly reſtrain: And this reſtraining is chiefly to be expected and looked for in the Sacred Boundaries of *Zion*, *For there he breaks the Shield*; that is, the Carnal yet Obſtinate Defence poor tempted ones make (through the cunning Deluſions of the Devil) againſt the Saving Comforts of the Goſpel, when tendred to them in the day of their Conflicts. *There he breaks the Sword*; that is, the Arguments poor tempted ones (according to the Logick they have learn'd of Satan) do form, as it were, in Mood and Figure, to wound and gall themſelves with Horror and Deſpair. *There he breaks the Battle*; that is, the long and tedious War poor tempted ones are ingaged in with Satan, in the fatal Courſe of which, they are ſpoil'd of all their

their precious and pleaſant things; and by Satan's too proſperous Succeſs, they are miſerably held down under the Hatches, and cannot help themſelves; and pittifully a long time kept in horrid Darkneſs, and can ſee no manner of Light; and lamentably made to walk in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and cannot in the leaſt find any Comfort. Oh! but when Prayers are made in and by a Goſpel-Church, for ſuch tempted worried Perſons, God will (in anſwer to thoſe Prayers) *Ariſe to Judgment, to ſave ſuch meek ones of the Earth:* And then and *there, he will Graciouſly break the Shield, and the Sword, and the Battle.* My Thoughts ripening upon this comfortable Subject, I forthwith repair'd to Mrs. *Mary*, and acquainted her with what was upon my Spirit, and what I had in my Thoughts reſolved upon, as to the calling my Church together, to keep a Solemn day of Wreſtling with God for her, and ask'd her if ſhe was willing to it. She anſwered, I might if I pleaſed, but was ſomething cold in the matter, ſeeming to ſuggeſt, it would be of little avail as to her, nothing being likely to do her any good, for ſhe look'd upon her Diſeaſe as paſt Cure, and her ſelf as paſt Remedy. I replied, God had (among other his Glo-

rious Attributes) entitled himſelf, *A God hearing Prayer.* And therefore upon this account, and for this moſt Gracious Manifeſtation of himſelf, *Praiſe always waits for him in* Zion, *and there the Vow ſhall be performed.* And there Prayers ſhall be anſwered, and ſeaſonable Mercies ſhall be beſtowed. Moreover (as I farther alledg'd) we are told, *The effectual* (or working) *Prayer of the Righteous, avail much.* And if the Prayers of God's People, ſolemnly met together, would ſo far reach the Ears of God (which I doubted not but they would) according to his own word, *Where two or three are gathered together in my Name, there am I in the midſt of them.* And had ſuch Prevalency with him to awake for her, and to viſit her with the ſpecial *Favour he beareth unto* all his. Her deſpairing Language would ſoon be turned into another Tone, for then, *She would ſee the Good of God's Choſen, then ſhe would rejoyce in the Gladneſs of God's Nation; yea, then ſhe would Glory with God's Inheritance. And then a new Song would be put into her mouth, even of Praiſe unto her God.* So leaving her (pretty well ſatisfied) I took the firſt Opportunity of propounding it to my People, who very willingly and readily embraced the Motion: We agreed upon

upon *Friday* the twentieth of *May* 1698. and accordingly met in the Morning at a Private Houſe in the Town, after a little while being together, Mrs. *Mary Harriſon* come to us, with a mournful dejected Countenance, her Hood over her Face, ſhe ſat down over againſt me at the Table. I then addreſs'd my ſelf to the Company in a few words, declaring the cauſe of our meeting at that time, and opening (as well as I could) Mrs. *Maries* Caſe to them, begging their aſſiſtance and concurrence with me, in laying cloſe ſiege to the Throne of Grace for her. I began in Prayer, and then called forth ſome of the Brethren, who prayed very meltingly and affectionately for her. Indeed the Lord opened their mouths, and mightily help'd them with apt ſuitable and pathetical Expreſſions, which was no ſmall Comfort and Refreſhing to me; for I plainly perceived the Cauſe was the Lord's (and he would own it) ſince he enabled his Servants to plead it ſo notably with him: And I could not but comfortably infer a pleaſing Preſage, that God was not far from appearing, ſince the Grace of Prayer and Supplication was ſo eminently poured forth by himſelf for it. For, thought I, with a Tranſport of Joy (little below an

Assurance of the thing) he never did yet say to the House of *Jacob*, and surely he will not now assist any of the House of *Jacob*, to seek his Face in vain. After the Brethren had concluded, I spoke from those words of *Jonah*, Chap. 2. 4. *Then I said, I am cast out of thy sight; yet I will look again toward thy Holy Temple.* I took notice of the first Verse, *Then* Jonah *prayed unto the Lord his God out of the Fishes Belly.* And I began with the word *Then*, as noting the time: From whence I remark'd these things,

First, It was a time of very great and amazing Surprize to *Jonah*, to be in the State he was; poor Creatures are often plunged into those Soul-troubles they never dream'd of: But notwithstanding the Greatness and Amazingness of their Sorrows, it is then an especial time of going to God, as *Jonah* here did; and of crying out with *David*, *Psalm* 39. 7. *And now Lord what wait I for? my hope is in thee.* Ah! God should be the Object of hope, in never so hopeless a Condition.

Secondly, It was a time of horrid and unheard of Temptation with poor *Jonah*: Oh! what could he think (and to be sure the

the Devil was not wanting to push him on to such Thoughts) but that he was a Cast-away, since God, in his great Displeasure, had imprison'd him in the bulky Walls of such an horrid Dungeon, as never any Humane Creature was in before him. Surely for this his Heart must needs be grieved, for this he must needs be pricked in the Reins: As *Asaph* said of himself, *Psalm* 73. 21. Yet notwithstanding this dreadful Temptation, his Mouth was enlarged in Supplication, for even then he prayed.

Thirdly, This *Then* implies a time of some Glimpses of Gospel-Light: For alas, if he had not had some Rayes of Redeeming Love in that dark hideous hole, he would not, he could not, with such Fervency, have prayed unto God: *For in Death* (Ay, and in despairing Darkness too) *there is no remembrance of God*; and *in the Grave* (or in the horrible Pit of Despondency) *who can give him Thanks*, Psalm 6. 5. So that *Jonah*, in the Darksome Cavities of the Whales Belly, through some little Cranny, saw the dawning Light of Divine Favour.

Fourthly,

Fourthly, This *Then* also implies, that *Jonah* had some Sense and Apprehension of his being safe in the main, however dangerous his present State seem'd to be. And 'tis more than probable, his being miraculously preserv'd so long a space of time, as three days and three nights, in such a gloomy Prison, did not a little contribute to his so conceiving; For he did not Pray as a Stranger, but as one that knew God, and had some dependence on his Mercy; and therefore might breathe in *David*'s Language, *Psalm* 116. 16. *O Lord, truly* (for all thou hast dealt so strangely with me) *I am thy Servant, I am thy Servant, and the Son of thy Handmaid: thou wilt loose my Bonds.* Persons may be under very sad and dismal Circumstances, and yet be safe in the main.

From the time I passed to the Act, *He prayed*, and shewed what he prayed for.

First, He breathed after Freedom and Deliverance from his miserable Condition: So *Israel*, in their Anguish, begged *Moses* to *Pray to the Lord, to take away the Serpents from them*, Numb. 21. 7. *So* Paul *besought the Lord thrice, that* the Temptation *might depart from him*, 2 *Cor.* 12. 8. When any poor

poor Soul is ſurrounded with Affliction, either outward or inward, it is his Intereſt, as well as Duty, to be Praying hard for Deliverance. The Apoſtolical Rule is, *If any Man be afflicted, let him Pray.*

Secondly, *Jonah* prayed for Strength, to bear that Weight and Preſſure of Grief, under which he was then groaning. Thus *David* prayed in the Bitterneſs of his Soul, when under the Scorching of the Fiery Furnace, *Pſalm* 25. 16. *Turn thee unto me, and have Mercy upon me: for I am deſolate and afflicted.* This turning includes God's coming towards him with help and aſſiſtance, to inable him to bear what he was pleaſed to lay upon him. Till God does deliver, we ſhould Pray for ſupporting Grace, that we may not diſhonour him in the Hour of Temptation.

Thirdly, *Jonah* Prayed; that is, he humbly expoſtulated with his God, concerning the preſent and unparallell'd Diſpenſation. Thus we find *Job* often expoſtulating under his ſore and ſevere Tryals: So alſo *Heman*, Pſalm 77. 7. *Will the Lord caſt off for ever? Will he be favourable no more?* *q. d.* Thou loveſt thy People with an everlaſting Love, and is there a Termination.

nation of this Love to me. Oh! Clear up the meaning of this awful Providence of bringing my Soul into ſuch Shades of hideous Darkneſs, as to make me queſtion the Continuance of thy Favour: We may plead upon Goſpel-Topicks, we may expoſtulate upon Goſpel-grounds in an humble debaſed manner (it is our Priviledge ſo to do) when God's Hand is hard upon us.

Fourthly, *Jonah* prayed for Faith, for operative Faith, in the Power and Goodneſs of God, in this time, and under this Diſpenſation. Thus the Father of the Child prayed with Tears in his Eyes, *Lord, I believe, help thou my Unbelief.* Oh! in time of Trouble we ſhould Pray for the Faith the Leper had; of whom we find it recorded, *Matt.* 8. 2, 3. *And behold there came a Leper, and worſhipped him, ſaying, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canſt make me clean. And Jeſus put forth his hand, and touched him, ſaying, I will, be thou clean: and immediately his Leproſie was cleanſed.* Ah! what Encouragement have we to Pray for Faith in God's Power, for that there is no Leprous State, but he can heal.

I next viewed the ſecond Verſe, which runs thus, *And ſaid, I cryed by reaſon of mine Affliction unto the Lord, and he heard me; out of the Belly of Hell cryed I, and thou heardeſt my voice.* From whence I took notice of two words here, which *Jonah* made uſe of, to ſet forth his preſent State, *Affliction* and *Hell.*

Firſt, *Affliction: I cryed by reaſon of mine Affliction.* On which I grounded the following Concluſions.

Firſt, God knows every thing, and every Circumſtance belonging to the *Affliction* of poor Creatures. It had been in vain for *Jonah* to have cryed to the Lord in his *Affliction*, if God had not known his *Affliction*, yea, all and every part of it. *Leah* called the firſt Son ſhe bare *Jacob*, *Reuben*, Gen. 29. 32. which ſignifies, the Viſion of the Son, or the Son of Viſion: For he the Lord ſaw and knew her Affliction, in being leſs eſteemed by her Husband than *Rachel.* We alſo read *Exod.* 3. 7. *And the Lord ſaid, I have ſurely ſeen the Affliction of my People which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry, by reaſon of their Task-maſters, for I know their Sorrows.* Oh! what a mighty Encouragement

ment is it, to cry to that God in our Affliction, who knows every thing of our *Affliction.*

Secondly, God hears the groaning Cries, and bemoaning Lamentations of poor Souls, under the heavy weight and preſſure of *Affliction. Jonah* here acknowledges God heard his Cry; ſo he heard *Hagar*'s Sighing and Sobbing, in the Senſe of her great Affliction, when ſhe, wholly diſconſolate, and full of Heart-perplexing Grief, was wandering in the Wilderneſs, *Gen.* 16. 11. And obſerve what he ſays of bemoaning *Ephraim*, Jer. 31. 18, 19, 20. *I have ſurely heard* Ephraim *bemoaning himſelf thus, Thou haſt chaſtiſed me, and I was chaſtiſed, as a Bullock unaccuſtomed to the Yoke: Turn thou me, and I ſhall be turned; for thou art the Lord my God. Surely after that I was turned, I repented; and after that I was inſtructed, I ſmote upon my Thigh: I was aſhamed, yea, even confounded; becauſe I did bear the Reproach of my Youth. Is* Ephraim *my dear Son? Is he a pleaſant Child? for ſince I ſpake againſt him, I do earneſtly remember him ſtill; therefore my Bowels are troubled for him, I will ſurely have Mercy upon him, ſaith the Lord.* Ah! this is Comfort indeed, to the greateſt Mourners, upon what account

count ſoever they are in a mourning State, that God knows their Sorrows.

Thirdly, God has a gracious End and Deſign towards all that are his, in their greateſt and ſevereſt Affliction: And it is more than imply'd, that *Jonah* apprehended this, when he thus cried to him: The *Iſraelites* were to eat no Leavened Bread with the Sacrifice of their Paſſover, but the unleavened Bread of *Affliction*, *Deut.* 16. 3. That they might remember what they were once in *Egypt*, and the gracious Deſign God had towards them, even in that Bondage State. Oh! a Belief of this glorious Truth, would allay the tempeſtuous Sea of Sorrow, when our Souls are bowed down with Anguiſh.

Fourthly, God will appear as anſwering of Prayer in the greateſt *Affliction*: When *Jonah* was crying, he heard by an Ear of Faith, God anſwering: And ſo we find *Iſrael* acknowledging, *Deut.* 26. 7. *And when we cryed unto the Lord God of our Fathers, the Lord heard our voice, and looked on our Affliction, and our Labour, and our Oppreſſion.* He is a Prayer-hearing God, and then eſpecially, when Prayer comes from the Anguiſh and Bitterneſs of the Soul:

Soul: And we have not only the Experience of his afflicted People, in all Ages, to witneſs this Truth, but his own expreſs word for it, *Pſalm* 50. 15. *Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou ſhalt glorifie me.* Oh! who would not beg hard for a Praying Heart, and a Crying Tongue, when the bleſſed God has ſuch an hearing Ear.

Secondly, The other word that *Jonah* here ſets forth the Miſery of his Condition by, is *Hell*, *Out of the belly of Hell cryed I*: From whence I remark'd theſe Obſervations.

Firſt, Poor Creatures (and yet Elect Veſſels) may be in very dreadful Torments, their Souls may be in very doleful Agonies: Hell is a place of Torment; 'tis ſaid of the rich Man, *Luke* 16. 23. *In Hell he lift up his Eyes being in Torments.* Hence great and grievous Soul-troubles are Metaphorically called Hell: *David* ſpeaks in the ſame Language, *Pſalm* 18. 5. *The Sorrows of Hell compaſſed me about.* Now then when *Jonah* ſaid here, *Out of the belly of Hell cryed I*; It is as if he had ſaid, In the midſt of dreadful Torments and anguiſh of Soul, I cryed to my God.

Secondly,

Secondly, Poor Creatures may be ſurrounded with Sorrows every way, from above, from below, from without, from within; thus *David* ſpeaks of his caſe, *Pſalm* 116. 3. *The Sorrows of Death compaſſed me, and the Pains of Hell gat hold upon me, I found Trouble and Sorrow.* That is, he was compaſſed about every way with Woe and Miſery: As *Job*'s Meſſengers came from every Corner, ſinking his Spirits with ill News, and piercing his Soul with the Darts of diſconſolate Tidings, *Job* 1. 16. So many choſen Veſſels of the Lord, may be beſet with Troubles and Sorrows of every kind, which may make them roar and cry out, as thoſe without hope.

Thirdly, Poor Creatures may be worried and hurried by the Temptations of the Devil, which is a Species of Hells Torture: As the Tongue is ſaid to be ſet on Fire of Hell, *James* 3. 6. So, the Spirits of tempted ones, may be, and too often are, borne down, and kept under the Hatches, by the Tyranny of Hells Monarch. We find *Paul* complaining of a Thorn in the Fleſh, the Meſſenger of Satan buffeting him, 2 *Cor.* 12. 7. Oh! it is an Hell upon Earth, to be in the Claws of Hells roaring Lyon.

Fourthly,

Fourthly, Poor Creatures may be, for a time, conquered and overcome by Hells Sorrows; though *The Gates of Hell ſhall not* (abſolutely) *prevail*, Matt. 16. 18. yet they may a great while, and in a great meaſure, prevail over many precious Children of *Zion*; though God's choſen ones ſhall not be left to remain always in Hell, as *David*, perſonating Chriſt, ſpake with reſpect to the Grave, *Pſalm* 16. 10. Yet they may be left a long time under the power of Hell, to be crying out as though they were for ever loſt.

Then I took notice of the Dolefulneſs of *Jonah*'s Complaint, as we have it in the third Verſe, *For thou hadſt caſt me into the Deep, in the midſt of the Seas, and the Floods compaſſed me about, all thy Billows and thy Waves paſſed over me.* Wherein there is Metaphorically ſet forth,

Firſt, The Senſe he had of Sin, as the deſerving Cauſe of what he now ſo lamentably groaned under: *Thou hadſt caſt me into the Deep*, and that deſervedly, for my horrid and crying Sin of Diſobedience, of which mention is made Chap. 1. 1, 2, 3. *Now the Word of the Lord came unto* Jonah *the Son of* Amittai, *ſaying*, *Ariſe, go to* Nineveh,

neveh, *that great City, and cry againſt it; for their Wickedneſs is come up before me: But* Jonah *roſe up to flee unto* Tarſhiſh *from the preſence of the Lord.* Here we find him ſhamefully turning his Back upon the Commands of his God, and now in the Deep, he is ſadly ſenſible of it, and broken in Heart for it: So in like manner we find the Church acknowledging, and that in a Soul-humbled and debaſed way, *Lam.* 5. 15, 16. *The Joy of our Heart is ceaſed, our Dance is turned into Mourning: The Crown is fallen from our head; Woe unto us that we have ſinned.* Ah! happy, if under the weight of Grief, we have a Senſe of the Evil of Sin.

Secondly, He was under Terrors of Conſcience, and miſerable Confuſion in his Spirit; this is imply'd in the vvord *Seas*, *In the midſt of the Seas.* That he vvas literally caſt into the Seas, vve read Chap. 1. 15. *So they took up* Jonah, *and caſt him forth into the Sea.* But beſides this, he vvas in a myſtical Senſe in the Sea, that is, under the Rackings of a vvounded Spirit, under the Bitings of a ſtinging Conſcience: So that he vvas, as the Prophet told *Paſhur* he ſhould be, *Jer.* 20. 3. *Magor Miſſabib*, even a Terror to himſelf. Oh! Terrors of Conſcience, are the vvorſt of Sea-ſtorms. *Thirdly*,

Thirdly, He was over-whelmed with Sorrow; and this is imply'd in the word *Floods*; *And the Floods compaſſed me about*: So that his Spirit, as well as his Body, *ſunk as Lead in the mighty Waters*: As it was ſaid of *Pharaoh* and his Hoſt, when they were drowned in the Red Sea, *Exod.* 15. 10. Our Saviour thus expreſſes the Miſery that ſhall come upon all incorrigible Sinners, *Matt.* 18. 6. *It were better for him, that a Mill-ſtone were hanged about his Neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the Sea.* Oh! who can be ſenſible of the Troubles and Miſeries, wherewith poor *Jonah* was overwhelmed when he was in the Sea.

Fourthly, He was cloſely confined, not only as to his Body, but narrowly pent up as to his Spirit: This is included in the word *Billows*, *All thy Billows, and thy Waves, paſſed over me.* We read indeed of his being in the Whales Belly, Chap. 1. 17. And as that miſerably confin'd his Body, ſo his Spirit was worſe reſtrain'd, through the awful Senſe of Divine Diſpleaſure. As *David*'s once was, *Pſalm* 42. 7. *Deep calleth unto deep, at the noiſe of thy Water-ſpouts: All thy Waves, and thy Billows, are gone over me.* Ah! how ſad 'tis when the Soul is depreſſed,

depressed, groveling in the Dust, and cannot look up for want of Strength and Faith.

And so I came to the words of the Text, *Then I said, I am cast out of thy sight; yet I will look again toward thy Holy Temple:* Which after I had open'd, by shewing in what Sense *Jonah* was cast out of God's sight, and what was the meaning of his looking again *toward the holy Temple*, I shewed what may befal many, that God may yet be working Grace in, and have designs of eminent Good unto.

First, They may be in a State of Blindness and Darkness, yea, thick and gross Darkness may be a great while upon them. We read in the Gospel, of a Man that was stark Blind, that was born so, and liv'd so all his days, yet by the Power of Jesus, he immediately receiv'd his sight, *Mark* 10. 51, 52. Ah! present Darkness is no ground of Despair; you may see what God in his Word says to such, *Isa.* 50. 10. *Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his Servant, that walketh in Darkness, and hath no light! Let him trust in the Name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.* Here is a certain Remedy for those that are in Darkness, to stay upon their

their God; and here is a Duty that God requires even in a dark State, *to trust in his Name.*

Secondly, They may be (as to their own Apprehenſion) in a very hopeleſs and helpleſs Condition, but yet even then, there is both Hope and Help for them, by *looking toward the holy Temple*; that is, by looking to Chriſt, and believing what he is, and what he ſays: Oh! hear that ſweet word flowing from his Lips, *Luke* 4.18. *The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, becauſe he hath anointed me to preach the Goſpel to the Poor; he hath ſent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach Deliverance to the Captives, and recovering of ſight to the Blind; to ſet at liberty them that are bruiſed.* Oh! What can be more fully and plainly expreſſed? What can Chriſt ſpeak more comfortably, and more encouragingly, to poor wounded Souls to look unto him? Thus the Church, by Faith, look'd to God in a ſad State, *Lam.* 3.55. *I called upon thy Name, O Lord, out of the low Dungeon.* And did ſhe call or believe in vain? Oh! No. Pray mark the next words, Verſe 56, 57, 58. *Thou haſt heard my voice, hide not thine Ear at my breathing, at my Cry. Thou dreweſt near in the day that I called upon thee: Thou ſaidſt, Fear not. O Lord, thou haſt pleaded*

pleaded the cauſe of my Soul, thou haſt Redeemed my Life. And what the Church did here experience, all afflicted ones in like manner ſhall experience to their unſpeakable Joy, if they take the ſame courſe of looking to the Lord in the day of Trouble.

Thirdly, They may have no Senſe of God's Work in their Hearts, which yet for all that may be really carrying on. We read of the Peoples ſmiting their Breaſts, upon the doleful ſight of Chriſt's Agony on the Croſs, *Luke* 23. 48. But many poor Souls are ſmiting their Breaſts with Sorrow, becauſe they can find no effect of Chriſt's Death in their Hearts. They have not yet *Taſted that the Lord is Gracious*, 1 Pet. 2. 3. And therefore they are breaking forth into hideous Lamentations, and giving up themſelves as loſt Creatures. Oh! but this is through a great Miſtake, there may be a bleſſed Work, a glorious Work begun, and yet you not at preſent ſenſible of it.

Fourthly, They may be in their own Thoughts, without the influential Motion of God's Spirit: And hence they are day and night burning, though ſtill preſerved and not conſumed, as the Buſh was, *Exod.* 3. 3. Oh! how many do look upon themſelves

ſelves in no better a Condition, than thoſe *dry Bones* which God ſhewed the Prophet, and ask'd him whether they could live, *Ezek.* 37. 3, 4. But as theſe Bones (the forſaken Jews) will live, when the Spirit of the Lord blows upon them, ſo thoſe Creatures, that are at preſent dry, and vvithout Sap, and therefore are mourning in ſecret, and crying out bitterly becauſe of their deſolate State, ſhall moſt certainly (if they *look toward the holy Temple*, as *Jonah* here did) find and feel, after a little time, the vivifying Influences of God's Spirit, to their exceeding Joy and Comfort.

I then drew ſome Inferences from all this, which I will make a brief Rehearſal of, and ſo proceed.

Firſt, Then even in ſuch a State, we are not really out of God's ſight: *Jonah* was obvious to God, when he was ſhut up in the Whales Belly; and ſo is every Mourning Soul, though under the blackeſt Circumſtances: Hear the Apoſtle as to this, *Heb.* 4. 13. *Neither is there any Creature that is not manifeſt in his ſight, but all things are naked, and opened unto the Eyes of him with whom we have to do.* Not a Tear flows from our Eyes, not a Sigh or Sob comes from

from our Hearts, though in never ſo ſecret a manner, in never ſo retired a place, but is naked and open unto God. Chriſt told *Nathaniel*, *John* 1.48. *When thou waſt under the Fig-tree, I ſaw thee.* Ah! When any poor Creature is Weeping, Lamenting and Bemoaning himſelf in Holes and Corners, even then and there God ſees him.

Secondly, Oh! Then this State is the Will of God, which muſt be ſubmitted to, *Is there any Evil in the City, and the Lord has not done it.* *Jonah* being in the Whales Belly, was the Act of God, God put him there. So whatever Mourning State thou art in, it is the Lord's doing. As Chriſt ſpeaking of God's Gracious Revelation of Goſpel-Light and Knowledge, rather to Babes, than to the Wiſe and Learned, reſolves it into God's Free-Will and diſtinguiſhing Goodneſs, as the only moving cauſe thereof, *Matt.* 11.26. *Even ſo Father, for ſo it ſeemed good in thy ſight.* So ſhould every poor Creature, under the preſſure of Temptation, under Spiritual Conflict and Soul-trouble ſay, *Even ſo Father*, it is thy Will it ſhould be ſo; It hath *ſeemed good* unto thee, thus to lay thy hand upon me; and therefore come to this r ſult (under ſuch a Diſpenſation) with c

dear Redeemer, *John* 18. 11. *The Cup which my Father hath given me, ſhall I not drink it.* So, this ſtroak that *my Father* has laid upon me, ſhall I not bear it.

Thirdly, Then ſuch a State is very dreadful to poor Creatures: To be under the hiding of God's Face, and left to the Hurries of the Tempter, is ſadly terrifying and affrightning: *The Spirit of a Man may ſuſtain his Infirmity, but a wounded Spirit who can bear.* If it was a grievous thing to *Abraham*, to ſend away his Son, and the Bond-woman, out of his Houſe, *Gen.* 21. 11, 12. Oh! How much more grievous is it to poor Creatures, when their Reſt is gone, Peace is gone, and all Quietneſs is gone from them: In ſuch a Perplexity was *Jonah* here, in the Whales Belly: And thus *David* mournfully complain'd, *Pſalm* 30. 7. *Thou didſt hide thy Face, and I was troubled.* 'Tis not a ſmall, but a very ſore, great, tormenting Trouble, when a Soul is left in the Dark, and cannot ſee any Rays of Divine Light.

Fourthly, Oh! Then, even in ſuch a State, God is with poor Creatures, though they may not know it: As he was with *Jonah* in the Whales Belly. *Joſeph* was in a ſad Condition (and without doubt not a little dejected in Spirit) when he was put in Priſon

Priſon in a ſtrange Land, among a ſtrange People, far from his Father's Houſe. *But the Lord was with* Joſeph, *Gen.*39. 21. And ſo he is with all his Suffering ones; He is with them to uphold them, that they may not be wholly cruſh'd by Satan's Aſſaults, and to help them to quench all the fiery Darts of the evil one; which he will moſt certainly do in his own time: We have his poſitive word for it, *Iſa.* 41. 14. *Fear not, thou Worm* Jacob, *and ye Men of* Iſrael: *I will help thee, ſaith the Lord, and thy Redeemer, the holy one of* Iſrael. Though you find no help at preſent, yet God will help you (if you look to him) according to his Promiſe, for he is with you.

Fifthly, Then God can open a Door of Comfort, even in ſuch a State, as he did to *Jonah* here in the Whales Belly: For his looking toward the *Holy Temple*, implies no leſs: As it was ſaid of *Ezra*, *Neh.* 8. 5. *And* Ezra *opened the Book in the ſight of all the People (for he was above all the People) and when he opened it, all the People ſtood up.* So, when the bleſſed God, who is over all, and above all, ſhall open a Door of Hope, (and ſuch a Door he will open to every Mourner in *Zion*) all his dejected ones, that are now groveling in the Duſt, ſhall ſtand up, yea, they ſhall *lift up*, their languiſhing

Eyes, as knowing, and plainly ſeeing, their *Redemption draweth nigh*. See, Oh! ſee, what an overflowing Fulneſs there is in the Promiſe as to this, *Hoſ.* 2. 14, 15. *Therefore behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the Wilderneſs, and ſpeak comfortably unto her: And I will give her her Vineyards from thence, and the Valley of Achor for a door of hope, and ſhe ſhall ſing there, as in the days of her Youth, and as in the day when ſhe came up out of the Land of* Egypt. You ſee what God has promiſed to do, and he has promiſed no more than he can do, than he has done, than he will do, to all that are in Bitterneſs of Soul, and do with patience wait for him.

Sixthly, Oh! Then ſuch a State may be in order to the fitting us more for God, more for his Will and Pleaſure; as *Jonah*'s being in the Whales Belly, was in order to a better fitting and diſpoſing him, to deliver that Meſſage he at firſt declined. We are told *Pſalm* 5. 5. *The Fooliſh ſhall not ſtand in thy ſight*. We are all Fools by Nature, and we cannot ſtand in God's ſight, nor do him any Service, till our Folly be purged out by the Fire of ſome Spiritual Tryal. We have a famous Story in the Goſpel, of a Woman of *Canaan*, *Matt.* 5. 22, *&c.* who was frown'd upon in her approach

proach to Jesus, called Dog, put off a great while, with many other Discouragements, and kept in the dark, without being taken notice of, to the Wonder of the Disciples. But 'twas all the more to fit her for that Mercy our Lord Jesus design'd to bestow upon her. Oh! that all in Spiritual Trouble, would believe that God is in, and by that Trouble, the more preparing them for himself, and the Reception of his special Grace and Favour.

Seventhly, Then in such a State, God may be working for us, even whilst he is laying his heavy Hand upon us. As God was working Deliverance for *Jonah*, even then when he cast him into the Whales Belly: God was with *David* whithersoever he went, 2 *Sam.* 7. 9. and was working for him in the lowest Ebb of his Affairs; yea, when he was crying out, *I shall one day perish by the hand of* Saul. So in like manner he was working for *Jacob*, when the good old Man thought his Condition most deplorable, *Gen.* 42. 36. *And* Jacob *their Father said unto them, me have ye bereaved of my Children:* Joseph *is not, and* Simeon *is not, and ye will take* Benjamin *away: All these things are against me.* Whereas the Event shews, that every one of these things, did wonderfully make for

him. Ah! How much would the Belief of this Truth, lighten the Load of Spiritual Trouble, how heavy soever it seems to be.

Eighthly, and lastly. Oh! Then such a State may be, and yet no real Anger in God towards the Creature. It was in Love not Anger, that God put *Jonah* in the Whales Belly: God was not angry with *Abraham*, when he took away his Wife from him, *Gen.* 23. 4. No more is he with those many poor Souls under the Oppression of Spiritual Grief, whom he wounds with the Wounds of an Enemy, and with the Chastisements of a cruel one, hedging up their way with Thorns, and filling them for a time with Woe and Bitterness. And he sufficiently manifests, that he is not angry, by the Conclusion of his Work upon all such, which is excellently set forth in *Zech.* 13. 9. *And I will bring the third part through the Fire, and will refine them as Silver is refined, and will try them as Gold is tryed; they shall call on my name, and I will hear them: I will say, it is my People: and they shall say, the Lord is my God.* Tho' you are in the *Fire*, if the Lord will (as nothing more sure than that he will) *refine* you by the *Fire:* Though you are in Darkness (and walk as in the Shadow of Death) for the present; And if the Lord will (as most

moſt certainly he will) e'er long, ſay, *Thou art my Child:* And if God will make you (as all that you now endure is in order to it) e'er long, ſay, *The Lord is my God*; yea, *The Lord* Jehovah *is my ſtrength, and my Song, he alſo is become my Salvation.* Then there is no Anger in the preſent Diſpenſation, how grievous and lamentable ſoever it may ſeem to be. And this I verily believe, and that upon good grounds (even Scripture-grounds) will be the Event. Wait but a little, have Patience for a while, and you will joyfully find it ſo to be. *Amen and Amen.*

Thus I have given you a brief Account of what was that day more largely inſiſted upon, and more particularly applied to her, for whoſe ſake it was ſtudied, and to whom, in a more eſpecial manner, it was delivered. After all was over, I had ſome private Diſcourſe with her, much longing, to know how it was with her, whither anything had affected her. And to my no little refreſhing, I found her in a more calm compoſed Frame, than I had ever ſeen her before, ſince the beginning of her Troubles. And at that time, or a very little after, ſhe told me, with ſome Pleaſingneſs of Aſpect (which I obſerv'd in her Countenance) *She*

believ'd she should believe, though she could not yet. I do not remember she had any more such extream Fits of Agony after this day; or that she broke forth into such direful Exclamations and Lamentations, as she did before: Which made me heartily bless God both publickly and privately, for the beginning of his Appearance, though it was but in a restraining way; that though she had not that solid Comfort, and inward Peace, which I did unfeignedly wish her, and sincerely, without ceasing, begg'd for her; yet she had much greater ease, with respect to her Burthen, under which she had so long a time groaned, and was not tortured with those griping, and Soul-tormenting Pangs, as frequently in days and months past, she had been. In this middle State (as I may say) which as to her was neither clear nor dark, neither day nor night, but something between both, she remain'd several Weeks; in which time I frequently went to her, (as my other occations would admit) but she very often came to me, earnestly desiring me to pitty her, and pray for her, but would never go away till I had pray'd with her. Her Discourse was grave and moderate, yet always in a complaining Strain, Lamenting the absence of God, and bitterly crying out

of

of her hard deceitful Heart. As Winter came on, she grew more and more Melancholy; yet the Fire of her Sorrow was confin'd to, and pent up in the Hearth of her own Breast, and burned inwardly, to the great decaying both of her outward and inward Man; and manifested it self only by the Sparkles of some woful Sighs and Sobs arising from her Heart, that could not possibly be kept down. Oh! With what languishing and pitty-bespeaking Eyes did she look upon me: How mournfully, and in a low still Voice, would she say to me, Ah! Sir, you know not how it is with me, I am a great deal worse, and in a much sadder Condition than you can imagine. This doubled my Concernedness for her, and put my Spirit upon the Rack in musing for her. What, thought I, come into the Harbor, ready to drop Anchor, and yet forced again to Sea upon the main Ocean, to be tossed with these impetuous Waves. I spoke as the Lord inabled me, (whatever words he put in my Mouth) unto her, I pray'd again and again, from time to time, with her, *I Wept, and made Supplication* to my God for her, but no Alteration for the better could I see in her, for the Comforter was not yet come. Therefore was she again Weeping, and her

Eyes

Eyes running down with Tears, therefore was ſhe crying in the Morning, and bemoaning her ſelf in the Evening, becauſe he that alone could relieve her Soul, was far from her, and becauſe *the things that belong'd to her Peace, were* (as yet) *hid from her Eyes.*

Two things I confeſs in this interim run in my mind, that were a great Support to me under my unfeigned Trouble and Anxiety for her. The one was, that the Holy God, who is above the reach of Angels in his doings, who giveth no account to Creatures in Heaven or Earth of any of his Matters, for Reaſons and Ends beſt known to himſelf, would convey Comfort to her from ſome other hand, I was not to be the Perſon. The other was, That this might be the laſt Effort of the Tempter, and that he was *come down in the greater Wrath, becauſe he knew he had but a ſhort time*, to be Diſquieting and Perplexing the Soul of this tender Lamb. And I was not deceived in either of them, as the ſequel will ſhew; For my Occaſions calling me about that time to *London*, where (as ſoon as I came) meeting with that truly eminent, and excellent Servant of the Lord Jeſus, Mr. *Richard Robins*, he told me he had received a preſſing Invitation, to begin the Work of God, in the new Erected Meeting-houſe at

at *Chicheſter*, and was accordingly preparing for his Journey, and earneſtly importun'd me to ſupply his place in his abſence: I yielded on this Condition, that he would go one Sabbath to *Havant*, that ſo my own dear People might not be wholly deſtitute during my ſtay at *London*, which I foreſaw would be two or three Weeks; to which he conſenting, on theſe terms we parted. And after he had been one Lord's-day at *Chicheſter*, he (according to his Promiſe) went the next to *Havant*, and a bleſſed going it was for (now no longer poor but rich) Mrs. *Mary Harriſon:* For then (by his Miniſtry, through the Gracious Concurrence of the Spirit of God) what was ſaid of old to *Iſrael*, was abundantly made good to her, in full meaſure, yea, running over, *Ezek.* 16.6. *And when I paſſed by thee, and ſaw thee polluted in thy own Blood; I ſaid unto thee, when thou waſt in thy Blood, Live: Yea, I ſaid unto thee, when thou waſt in thy Blood, Live.* God now ſo ſaw her, as to pitty her; and ſo pittied her, as to ſpeak; yea, he ſpake loud and home by his Servant to her, and by the Power of that Word, not only ſounding in her Ears, but through the mighty Efficacy of it, reaching her Heart, and piercing into her very Soul, he made

her

her *Live.* He at that time (*For the time to favour* this Captive Daughter of *Zion*, yea, the ſet time was come) breath'd into her that Life, which in the Inchoation of it was Spiritual, and in the Perfection of it, is now Eternal. So again v. 7. *I have cauſed thee to multiply, as the bud of the Field; and thou haſt increaſed, and waxen great, and thou art come to excellent Ornaments; thy Breaſts are faſhioned, and thy Hair is grown, whereas thou waſt naked and bare.* Oh! verily, ſhe that was as a dry Plant, as a withered and dead Tree, began now to bring forth Fruit, as *A Tree planted by the Rivers of Waters*, even the Tree that is full of Sap, one of thoſe *Cedars* of *Lebanon* which *God hath planted.* She that was ſo little, ſo nothing in her own Eyes, received now (thorough the Golden Pipes of Grace, emptying themſelves into her Soul) ſome Life and Strength, and began to increaſe in that Strength. She that before could not in the leaſt taſte or ſavor any word, that one and another of the Servants of the living God was continually ſpeaking to her, had now her *Breaſts faſhioned*, to receive and let in the ſincere *Milk of the Word*, which now was precious to her, and more eſteemed by her, than her *neceſſary Food.* She whoſe Thoughts before were

were deſperate, being of nothing but Deſtruction and Perdition, and of being miſerable for ever, could now joyfully think of the Love of God in Chriſt, and apply it to her ſelf. Thus (through the infinite Riches of Free Grace to her) her Hair began to grovv; ſhe vvho before ſavv (and could ſee nothing elſe) and therefore deeply bevvail'd her ſelf as *naked and bare*; novv began (the Scales falling from her Eyes) to apprehend the Righteouſneſs of a Mediator, and to have a comfortable Senſe thereof, as moſt *excellent Ornaments* for her reviving Soul. And novv ſhe ſavv, and ſeeing believed, that being *Cloathed upon with that Houſe which is from Heaven*, *ſhe ſhould not be found naked.* Yet again, V. 8. *Now when I paſſed by thee, and looked upon thee, Behold! thy time was the time of Love, and I ſpread my skirt over thee, and covered thy nakedneſs: Yea, I ſware unto thee, and entred into a Covenant with thee, ſaith the Lord God, and thou becameſt mine.* Oh! verily! Novv vvas *the time of Love*, as to her Soul: Novv vvas the Holy Jeſus coming tovvards her (his Face ſhining vvith the reſplendent Beauty of Goſpel-Grace and Love) ſaying to her, I am thy Saviour, and thou art in the number of my Redeemed ones, I vvill cover thee vvith the *Glorious Robe*

Robe of my *Everlaſting Righteouſneſs*, and thou ſhalt appear therein *without Spot or Wrinkle before my Father, and before the Holy Angels.* Therefore ceaſe thy Grief, dry up thy Tears; *For though thou haſt lien among the Pots; yet now thou ſhalt be as the Wings of a Dove, covered with Silver, and her Feathers with yellow Gold.* And novv thou ſhalt knovv, that *I have loved thee with an everlaſting Love, for with loving-kindneſs will I draw thee.* Mr. *Robins*, as though he had been (as I doubt not but he vvas) ſpecially directed from above; preached that day from theſe vvords, *Luke* 22. 31, 32. *And the Lord ſaid*, Simon, Simon, *Behold! Satan hath deſired to have you, that he may ſift you as Wheat. But I have prayed for thee, that thy Faith fail not.* Which he ſo managed (through the aſſiſtance of God's Spirit) and brought ſo many Goſpel-Cordials and Comforts from it, as gave abundant ſatisfaction to this languiſhing Mourner; inſomuch that her Sorrovvs (like the Waters of the Flood) apparently vvere abated, and her long Captivity ſeem'd to be *turning about as the Rivers of the South.* She vvas ſo ſenſible that this Holy Man vvas a Meſſenger ſent of God to her, an *Interpreter*, one among a thouſand, to *ſhew* unto her the Ranſom God has found and accepted for

for poor Sinners, and for her in particular; and to declare the glad Tidings of Salvation to her Soul, reſulting from therein, that ſhe immediately repaired to *Chicheſter*, and attended upon the Word dropping from Mr. *Robins* his Lips, during his ſtay there. Mr. *Robins*, after a little time, planted a Church there (ſuch an amazing Change was wrought on many, by the mighty Power of God accompanying his Miniſterial Labours) and this Plant God has ſince abundantly water'd with the Dew of his Bleſſing, ſo that 'tis now *as the Garden of God, the pleaſant Field which the Lord of Hoſts delights to bleſs.* Mrs. *Mary Harriſon* (after frequent Conferences with Mr. *Robins*, and being enlightned by him in the Myſtery of Goſpel-Grace and Love) joyn'd her ſelf with the Church, and ſate down at the Table with them at their firſt Solemnity of breaking Bread; yet on this Condition, to be rediſmiſs'd to the Church at *Havant*, when they were *Organically* compleated, and ſo in a Capacity to do it. But before this could be effected, ſhe was tranſlated to a better Church than either, even *To the General Aſſembly and Church of the Firſt-born*, which are in Poſſeſſion of the Glorious Manſions of Heaven: *And to the Spirits of Juſt Men made Perfect*, among whom

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whom she is, (and ever will be) with her God: *In whose presence there is fulness of Joy, and at whose right-hand there are Pleasures for evermore.* Glad was I (yea my very Soul rejoyced) at my return from *London*, to find such an amazing Change in her, for now she could speak in the Language of *Canaan*, now she could discourse in the Dialect of the new *Jerusalem*, praising the Lord for his Redeeming Goodness: Now she could tell (her Lips being opened in a wonderful manner) the delightful Stories of God's marvelous Dispensations towards her, in a way of special Grace and Favour; for now she saw in part (and that part filled her with inexpressible Comfort) *The Good of God's Chosen:* Now (in spite of all Satan's Suggestions, and Hellish Machinations) *she could rejoyce in the Gladness of God's Nation:* And now, (notwithstanding the late Cloud that was upon her, the late darkening Eclipse that quite overspread her) she could *Glory with God's Inheritance.* For now she heard the Voice of her Beloved speaking to her, *Cant.* 2. 10, 11, 12. *Rise up my Love, my fair one, and come away: For lo, the Winter is past, the Rain is over and gone: The Flowers appear on the Earth, the time of the singing of Birds is come, and the voice of the Turtle is heard in our Land.*

Oh!

Oh! then, *Ariſe my Love, my fair one, and come away.* Again Verſe 14. *O my Dove that art in the Clefts of the Rock* (that is, hid in the Eternal Electing Love of God) *in the ſecret places of the Stairs* (that is, kept ſecretly from ſinking, though wofully toſſed with the Waves and Billows of Temptation) *Let me ſee thy Countenance, let me hear thy Voice, for ſweet is thy Voice, and thy Countenance is comely.* And therefore *Now*, we that were mournfully bemoaning of her, rejoyced with her; yea, with loud Peals of Joy, bleſſed and praiſed God for her. Yet ſhe had her Ebbings, as well as Flowings; and Fears as well as Comforts, after this: And her Diſcourſes were very often mixed with Miſtruſtings and Doubtings of her ſelf: She had now and then the dark ſide, as well as the bright ſide, of the Cloud; to ſhew that ſhe was not yet beyond the reach of Satan's Snarlings, though above the force of his rampant Power. Hence, to her dying hour, ſhe *ſerv'd the Lord with Fear, and rejoyced before him with Trembling.* She always had a Dread upon her Spirit of miſcarrying, under which I laboured what I could to ſupport her.

A little after Mr. *Robins* left *Chicheſter*, came down that Sweet and moſt Spiritual Preacher

Preacher Mr. *Hammond*, to the new Meeting-houſe; at which juncture of time I was confined to my Bed by a ſevere Fit of Sickneſs, which I (and ſo did others) thought had been unto Death: But my Gracious God (in whoſe Hands our times are) order'd it otherwiſe: Now by reaſon I was wholly uncapable of Preaching, moſt of my People that had Horſes, went to *Chicheſter* to hear Mr. *Hammond*, among whom precious Mrs. *Mary Harriſon* was none of the backwardeſt: But, Oh! with what wonderful Refreſhing, and enlivening in her Inward Man did ſhe return: She preſently come to my Bed-ſide, and told me what a rich Cordial ſhe had that day, which was ſo Comforting, ſo Raviſhing to her, ſhe was even ready to break forth into the Virgin *Mary*'s Extaſie, *My Soul doth magnifie the Lord, and my Spirit hath rejoyced in God my Saviour.* For verily Jehovah *regarded the low Eſtate of this Hand-maiden, and he that is mighty, did great things* to her that day, in putting ſuch a Word of Comfort and Support, in the Mouth of his dear Servant for her: Oh! *Holy is his Name.* Mr. *Hammond* was upon that Text, *Jer.* 31. 3. *The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, ſaying, yea, I have loved thee, with an Everlaſting Love;*

there-

therefore with Loving-kindneſs have I drawn thee. Oh! the Sweet and Soul-charming Doctrine of the Eternal Love of God to poor Sinners, did mightily affect her; and ſhe melted under it, as being overcome therewith. This ſilenc'd all her Objections, this reſolv'd all her Doubts, this expell'd all her Fears, ſo that now ſhe could (as ever after ſhe did) lye down in Peace, and the Enemy no more made her afraid, for now ſhe was *hid in the hollow of God's hand*, and even beyond Conception ſupported in the Joyful Senſe of his *Everlaſting Love.* Thus ſhe continued a few Weeks, in an Holy, Humble Frame, amazingly Growing, yea, glorioufly Shining, *in Grace, and in the Knowledge of her Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt.* And then took her Flight into the upper Regions, as being one of whom, this every-day periſhing and decaying *World was not worthy.* We read *Gen.* 47. 29. *And the time drew nigh, that* Iſrael *muſt dye.* So now, the time drew nigh, very nigh, that this Heavenly Saint, this Celeſtial Bride, every way fitted and prepared by the Efficacy of Grace, for the Royal Bridegroom, muſt dye, and go into the Arms of her *Beloved Jeſus.* Her Sickneſs, (if we may call it Sickneſs) was very ſhort, and hardly diſcernable: She was at Meeting

Meeting *June* the 18th in the Morning, I obſerving her Countenance very pale; and miſſing her in the Afternoon, I went on *Monday* to ſee her, and found her in the Kitchin: She complained of an inward Fever, and told me, ſhe was a great deal worſe than her Mother, or any about her, did imagine. I diſcourſed a while with her, labouring to divert her from the Thoughts of her Sickneſs; which I confeſs I had as low thoughts of, as any body elſe: And ſo for that time was taking my leave of her (little thinking it was the laſt time that ever I ſhould ſee her) but ſhe putting her hand upon mine, deſired me, with a Sigh, to go up into her Chamber, which I immediately did, her Mother and Siſter following us; as ſoon as we were ſate down, ſhe begg'd me to ſeek the Lord for her: She ſpoke very inward, which I have ſince very often reflected on, but then did not mind it. After Prayer I earneſtly admoniſh'd her, not to give way to Melancholy, poring upon her ſuppoſed Illneſs, (for indeed my very Soul lov'd her, and ſhe was beyond what I can expreſs dear to me) and ſo I left her, to my unexpreſſible Grief, never, (Oh! that's a Cutting word) never more to behold her in this World. I am very ſure (if I may

may be thought to have any competent knovvledge of my ovvn Inclination had I knovvn hovv near ſhe had been to her end, I ſhould not, I could not, have ſtirr'd day or night from her. But God, vvho knevv my Weakneſs, caſt a Vail before my Eyes, and by a ſpecial, though avvful Providence, block'd up my vvay, ſo that I could not give her another Viſit: For thus it vvas, The next day I vvas ſent for in all haſte, to a very precious and eminently-Godly dying Siſter of our Church, about a Mile out of Tovvn, vvho, before I could get to her (though I made all ſpeed imaginable vvas Speechleſs, and almoſt Breathleſs, vvhich vvas no ſmall Affliction to me; ſo that I had nothing to do, but very briefly (for ſhe ſurvived not many Moments after I come in) to recommend her departing Soul into the Arms of her Redeemer, (vvhoſe Arms vvere opened to receive her.) As ſoon as I had done, ſhe gave up the Ghoſt, and vvas, I doubt not, carried by the Angels into *Abraham*'s Boſom, for ſhe vvas a very Holy Woman. I immediately retired home, and though I paſſed by Mrs. *Mary Harriſon*'s Door, I had not povver to go in, my Grief vvas ſo exceeding great, but haſtened to my Cloſet to give ſome vent to my over-burthened Heart:

Heart: Indeed our poor Church had a great loſs in her. The next day my Thoughts vvere taken up about the Funeral Sermon I vvas to Preach for that dear deceaſed Siſter. In the Evening of that day, my very valuable Friend and Brother, Mr. *Robins*, call'd to ſee me, as he come from *Portſmouth*: He told me, he had been vvith Mrs. *Mary Harriſon*, vvhich I vvas extreamly glad of, acquainting him vvith the reaſon I had not ſeen her, neither that day, nor the day before; I earneſtly enquired about her, and he told me ſhe was out of order, but he apprehended no great danger, at leaſt for the preſent, for that ſhe was up, and went with him into another Chamber (company being in hers) to have ſome private Diſcourſe with him; only ſhe vvas ſomething dovvn in her Spirits, and ſeem'd to be a little under a Cloud: For ſhe vvas (though no-body knevv it) near landing, and upon the breach of the Shore. Mr. *Robins* and I ſate together very late, and I urged him to ſtay vvith me that night, but he vvould go to *Chicheſter*, though it vvas paſt Nine vvhen he vvent avvay. Then I prepared for Bed, yet not forgetting dear Mrs. *Mary* then (nor never before) neither in my Family, nor by my ſelf. The next Morning early,

early, a Gentleman came to see me, and as we were walking in the Hall together, my Boy came running in with a frightful look, and told me, Mrs. *Harrison* was dead.

Here I must be silent, for 'tis in vain to attempt doing that by words, which words cannot do: And I am sure, to set forth the great Surprize and Amazement I was in at this sudden and unexpected News, is much beyond the power of any words that ever flow'd out of a *Cicero*'s Mouth: Indeed the Confusion I was in was such, and so predominant, as much unfitted me for that solemn Funeral Work, I was a few Hours after to be engaged in: But my Gracious God notwithstanding carried me thorough it: For I always (as then) found the most assistance from him, when I had the greatest Diversion by intervening Obstacles. And thus, Sir, I have a great while entertain'd you with a very Melancholy *Theam*, I mean, the Tragical Passages of this young Gentlewomans Life, from the day of her first awakening: Yet not without Intermixtures of Comfort and Pleasure in God's (at length) appearing for her, and speaking out of the infinite Riches of his Free Grace, Peace unto her; after a wearied Conflict with the Tempter, after a long passing through the Valley of

Heart: Indeed our poor Church had a great loſs in her. The next day my Thoughts vvere taken up about the Funeral Sermon I vvas to Preach for that dear deceaſed Siſter. In the Evening of that day, my very valuable Friend and Brother, Mr. *Robins*, call'd to ſee me, as he come from *Portſmouth*: He told me, he had been vvith Mrs. *Mary Harriſon*, vvhich I vvas extreamly glad of, acquainting him vvith the reaſon I had not ſeen her, neither that day, nor the day before; I earneſtly enquired about her, and he told me ſhe was out of order, but he apprehended no great danger, at leaſt for the preſent, for that ſhe was up, and went with him into another Chamber (company being in hers) to have ſome private Diſcourſe with him; only ſhe vvas ſomething dovvn in her Spirits, and ſeem'd to be a little under a Cloud: For ſhe vvas (though no-body knevv it) near landing, and upon the breach of the Shore. Mr. *Robins* and I ſate together very late, and I urged him to ſtay vvith me that night, but he vvould go to *Chicheſter*, though it vvas paſt Nine vvhen he vvent avvay. Then I prepared for Bed, yet not forgetting dear Mrs. *Mary* then (nor never before) neither in my Family, nor by my ſelf. The next Morning early,

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Here I muſt be ſilent, for 'tis in vain to attempt doing that by words, which words cannot do: And I am ſure, to ſet forth the great Surprize and Amazement I was in at this ſudden and unexpected News, is much beyond the power of any words that ever flow'd out of a *Cicero*'s Mouth: Indeed the Confuſion I was in was ſuch, and ſo predominant, as much unfitted me for that ſolemn Funeral Work, I was a few Hours after to be engaged in: But my Gracious God notwithſtanding carried me thorough it: For I always (as then) found the moſt aſſiſtance from him, when I had the greateſt Diverſion by intervening Obſtacles. And thus, Sir, I have a great while entertain'd you with a very Melancholy *Theam*, I mean, the Tragical Paſſages of this young Gentlewomans Life, from the day of her firſt awakening: Yet not without Intermixtures of Comfort and Pleaſure in God's (at length) appearing for her, and ſpeaking out of the infinite Riches of his Free Grace, Peace unto her; after a wearied Conflict with the Tempter, after a long paſſing through the Valley of

Bacha, and rowling on the Floor of *Bochim*, though chequer'd with many Obumbrations, and interpoſing Clouds. But the beſt Wine was reſerv'd to the laſt Act and Period of her Life, for in the very laſt Hour (that great Hour, which is the Horizon between Time and Eternity) God fully opened her Eyes (as he did *Hagar*'s in the Wilderneſs) and made her ſee a Well of Water, even the Water of Everlaſting Life. And now was ſhe *Abundantly ſatisfied with the Fatneſs of God's, and made to drink of the Rivers of his Pleaſure.* Now a rich Table was ſpread for her, in the preſence (and in ſpite) of her envious Adverſary, who had been ſo long haunting her, and *vexing her righteous Soul from day to day*: Now was her Head *anointed with the Oyl of Joy and Gladneſs, above* moſt of her Fellow-Saints in ſuch a State: Now ſhe was *made to lye down in green Paſtures, and led beſide the ſtill Waters*: And now, Oh! now, after ſo much *Fearfulneſs and Trembling had come upon* her, after ſuch great and dreadful *Horror had ſo long overwhelmed* her, her Soul was fully and perfectly reſtored, and ſhe ſet at liberty, and that not only from the Suggeſtions of Satan, whereby ſhe was plunged for a time into a Gulph of Miſery, but from all the Evils, Perils and Dangers, in the Regions of

of Mortality, which ſhe had been ſo long burthened, and lamentably afflicted with: For *Now*, was given to her, *the Wings of a Dove*, wherewith, in a wonderful Swiftneſs and Celerity, ſhe flew up into the Manſions of Everlaſting Glory. At night, when the Room was clear'd, her Relations departed, leaving her to her Repoſe, (little thinking or imagining her end had been ſo near) ſhe ſaid to a ſober Maid that ſtaid and watch'd with her, in an Extaſie of Joy, though with a quivering Voice,

I ſee my Saviour, I have him in my Arms: I know that my Redeemer Lives.

With which words ſhe ſweetly cloſed her Life, and ſo ſhall I the Account of it, with this earneſt and unfeigned Wiſh,

Sic mihi contingat vivere. Sicque mori.

Lord lett me live in this Saints high degree,
And let my Death (like hers) Triumphant be.

I will now give you her Picture (drawn according to my weak Ability) with a Sacred regard to Truth, as to every Feature in it; and though Strangers may not, I am ſure all the Houſhold of Faith hereabouts will, believe me, becauſe they knew her, and therefore know that every thing I ſay of her is really true.

First, She was under a thorough and most effectual Conviction, her Wound was not Skin-deep, but reach'd and pierc'd her very Heart, yea, her whole Heart was deeply afflicted: I have rational Grounds for my Confidence in a erting, that the Gaoler, when *He called for a Light, and sprang in, and came trembling, and fell down before* Paul *and* Silas, *Acts* 16. 29. Nor *Mary Magdalen*, when she lay prostrate at her Saviour's Feet, bitterly Weeping and Lamenting her self in the woful Sense of her Sinful State, *Luke* 7. 37. No, nor *Manasseh*, when his proud Heart was broken, and his Soul bowed down with Pain and Anguish, so that *He humbled himself greatly before the God of his Fathers*, 2 Chron. 33. 12. Were either of them (for surely they could not be) more thoroughly, more effectually struck, than this young Maiden was: I have been with many (very many) in my time, under very sharp Convictions, in dreadful Soul-pain and Anguish, under the woful Apprehension of their Lost State. But I must leave this Solemn Testimony upon Record, I never saw the like of her before. She was, and that for many Months together, in the same Passion of Sorrow as *Peter* was, at his Master's looking upon him on the Cock's Crowing, when he *went out, and wept bitterly*, Luke 22. 62.

That

That is, Abundantly, out of great Grief, and Anguiſh of Spirit.

God's look (like Lightning) terrify'd; as Thunder
His Voice did roar, and broke her Heart in ſunder;
Temptations great, a long time ſhe lay under,
Till Grace that Conqueſt made, which truly was a Wonder.

Secondly, Her Conviction was Operative, and very effective to the gracious end God deſign'd it: She was in the Fire, in the ſcorching flaming Fire, but God, for his Names-ſake, did defer his Anger; yea, for his Praiſe he did refrain for her, that he might not cut her off; but, *Behold, he refined her, but not with Silver, he choſe her in the Furnace of Affliction*, Iſa. 48. 19. The heavy Rod upon her, had a Voice laudable and intelligible to ſome round about her, though not at preſent to her ſelf: And it ſpoke the Language we find, V. 17. *Thus ſaith the Lord thy Redeemer, the holy one of* Iſrael, *I am the Lord thy God, which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way that thou ſhouldeſt go.* Oh! this way of Temptation, of Soul-tribulation, was the way, the very way, ſhe muſt go, God had ſo appointed and determined for her, and he wonderfully made her to profit in, and by this way. 'Tis true, ſhe too often, and too much (whilſt ſhe was in this way) ſpake in the deſpairing Lan-

guage of *Cain*, *My Puniſhment is greater than I can bear*, Gen. 4. 13. And as *Judas*, *I have ſinned*, Matt. 27. 4. And lamentably roaring out with *Francis Spira*, that ſhe was a loſt Creature, and muſt periſh for ever: Yet God ſecretly upheld her, and kept her from ſinking to the bottom. Though her Pangs and Pains were very violent, even beyond what moſt ever knew; yet they were kindly, and in the Judgment of the Judicious, helping forward the Birth, which was laſt happily effected, to the Praiſe of God, her Comfort, and the exceeding Joy of all that knew her.

Ah, happy Damſel, though thy Pains were great,
Angels were waiting to whipe off the Sweat,
Whilſt that their Greatneſs did the Cure compleat,
Thy wounded Soul was healing in the burning Heat.

Thirdly, Her Conviction was laſting and abiding; there was no occaſion (as to her) of that Complaint which God made of *Ephraim* and of *Judah*, Hoſ. 6. 4, 5. *O* Ephraim, *what ſhall I do unto thee? O* Judah, *what ſhall I do unto thee? for your Goodneſs is as a morning Cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away. Therefore have I hewed them by the words of my mouth, and thy Judgments are as the light that goeth forth.* After her firſt Throws came upon her, they never

ver left her till she had passed the New Birth; and therefore there was no need of the Prophets hewing: No, we vvere forced to use and apply all the Comforts and Cordials vve could, to support her under her continued and uninterrupted Agonies. She never (like *Lot*'s Wife) gave one look back, after her alarming call to come out of the Streets of *Sodom*. Above tvventy Months she remained day and night (vvithout Intermission) in a very disconsolate and mournful Condition, yet in all this time she never *went to the* Assyrian, or *sent to King* Jareb, for help; though she *saw her Sickness*, and *her Wound* vvas very smarting, she never sought Comfort by any indirect vvays, according to the Inclination of the Flesh: But did patiently (though vvofully lamenting her self, vvith a broken Heart and vvounded Soul) abide at the *Pool* of *Bethesda*, John 5. 2. That is, attended upon God's Word, discourse vvith God's People, vvholly sequestring her self from the World, and all vain Company, till the blessed Angel vvas sent to stir the Waters for her.

Poor Mourning Dove, thy Grief did never cease,
From Sorrow's Bondage thou hadst no release,
Till Heaven was pleas'd to speak effectual Peace:
Oh! then, and not before, thy tortur'd Soul had ease.

Fourthly, As ſhe was a conſtant Mourner under Conviction, ſo ſhe was a ſecret Mourner, always bemoaning her ſelf, by her ſelf. She would not *Sit* in any *Aſſembly*, nor Rejoyce in any Company, but *ſate* in her Chamber penſive *alone*, *becauſe of the Lord's Hand*, that was upon her; and becauſe he *had filled her with Indignation*. Hence her *Pain* was *Perpetual*, and her *Wound* ſeemed to be *incurable*, Jer. 15. 17, 18. What the Poet ſpeaks extravagantly of *Niobe*'s Weeping, was in a great meaſure true of her; from Weeks end to Weeks end, her Eyes were ſeldom dry: As it was ſaid of *Joſeph* at the ſight of his Brother *Benjamin*, Gen. 43. 30. *And he ſought where to weep, and he entred into his Chamber, and wept there.* She was almoſt always in her *Chamber*, ſtill *Weeping there*. Indeed 'twas no eaſie matter (at leaſt ſome particular times) to get her out of her Chamber, though many Godly People, out of Love and Pitty to her, did often attempt it. Her Chamber was as the Valley of Tears, in which (even with an eagerneſs of Mind) ſhe immur'd her ſelf; and I am perſwaded would have liv'd there, and died there, if ſhe had been left to her ſelf. She could not bear much Company, nor endure to be where any thing of Mirth (though never ſo innocent) was. One In-

ſtance

ſtance among many I will give you; I very well remember (and ſhall do while I live) that one day, Baptizing Mr. *Millerd*'s Child (a Brother of our Church) there was Proviſion made ready, and ſeveral Chriſtian Friends invited to partake of it, among whom was Mrs. *Mary*'s Father and Mother: As we were ſitting down to Table, I ask'd her Mother, why her Daughter was not with her: She told me ſhe could not perſwade her to come: Whereupon I deſired the People of the Houſe to ſtop ſerving up of Dinner, and I would try what I could do, which they willingly agreed to: I immediately repair'd to her, and found a Gentlewoman in the Chamber with her. As ſoon as I acquainted her with the occaſion of my coming, Oh! how much diſſatisfied ſhe ſeemed to be, and earneſtly begg'd me to deſiſt any farther talking about it. I told her plainly, I would have no denial; and ſo renewed my preſſing her going with me, the Gentlewoman alſo back'd the Motion with her earneſt Perſwaſion; but we both of us found Work enough to prevail with her, and were ſo long about it, that Dinner was almoſt ſpoil'd: At laſt, rather wearied than overcome, by violent Importunity, ſhe gave me her Hand, and away I brought her, but ſhe walk'd like a Sha-

dow, and ſate at the Table like a Ghoſt; ſhe ſpake nothing, eat very little, and nobody durſt ſpeak to her, for they ſaw the Bitterneſs of her Heart was very great, and the Dolours of her Soul were very grievous: As ſoon as I had returned Thanks, ſhe ſlip'd from the Company, and forthwith retired to her beloved Privacy. Where *her Head was conſtantly as Waters, and her Eyes as a Fountain of Tears.*

This pining Saint, whilſt living ſeem'd as dead,
In darkſome Chambers hanging down her Head,
Refuſing Comfort, or to taſte of Bread,
She, ſhe at laſt, was to the living Fountain led.

Fifthly, As after Conviction, ſhe was a ſecret Mourner, ſo ſhe was a ſecret Wreſtler with God. Private Prayer was her daily, and her nightly Work: Though ſhe would often tell me, (and that with bitter Sighs and Sobs) in a bemoaning way, ſhe could not Pray, her Mouth was cloſed, and her Heart was barr'd, but by what I gather'd out of her Anſwers to my Queſtions, I plainly found ſhe did little elſe but Pray; indeed, her Praying was, for the moſt part, like *Hannah*'s, *She ſpake in her heart; only her Lips moved, but her Voice was not heard*, 1 *Sam.* 1. 13. And in this Praying, according to our Saviour's Rule, *Mat.* 6. 6. *She entered into her Cloſet, and ſhut the Door,*

Door, and prayed to her Father in secret, who saw the prostrate debased posture she was in, who heard the deep Sobs and Groans of her dejected Soul, and graciously vouchsafed his Ear unto her. So that after long *offering up of Prayers and Supplications*; (like her dear Redeemer before her) *with strong Crying and Tears unto him who was able to save* her from spiritual and eternal Death, *was at last heard, in that she feared.* She never thought I Prayed too often in secret with her; and she never thought she Prayed too often in secret by her self: And now her mournful Praying is turned into joyful Praising; now her doleful Sighing, is turned into melodious Singing; now her heart-breaking Groans, are turned into loud Acclamations of Halelujahs: For now she is on the top of Mount *Zion*, in the Presence of the *Lamb*, *having her Father's Name written in her Forehead, among the hundred forty four thousand, playing with them on their harps, and singing with them the new Song, before the Throne for ever.*

This new born Saint unto her God did cry,
And crying Wept, her Eyes were never dry,
Both Day and Night lamenting bitterly;
But now she's singing Praise with heavenly Melody.

Sixthly, After Conviction, to her dying Hour, she had a very tender Conscience

And

And the greateſt dread of Sin was the moſt viſibly manifeſt in her, that ever I ſaw in any Creature in my Life: She did not only hate Evil, but the very appearance of it: That bleſſed Promiſe was eminently and moſt effectually fulfill'd in her, of God's *taking away the heart of Stone, and giving an heart of Fleſh*, Ezek. 36. 26. I could give you an Inſtance that would put this out of all doubt, but 'tis ſo amazing, and having ſome cauſe to queſtion whether ever ſhe acquainted any in the World with it beſides my ſelf, I will omit it; but two other Stories, that are very well known, I will tell you; the one is, a young Man in *Chicheſter*, Converted by Mr. *Robbins* his Miniſtry, and joyned to the Church there: Soon after his Converſion was brought into a Strait on this Account: A great part of his Livelihood came in by attending on Weddings, as a Muſicianer, having an excellent Faculty that way. A Marriage was then coming on, at which (as he told me himſelf) he had a proſpect of getting near Five Pounds; but thinking it ſcandalous to the Goſpel, any longer to continue in that Practice, he adviſed with his Brethren about his going, aſſuring them without their conſent he would not give his Attendance; they, in Conſideration of his low Circumſtances as to the World, and that being part-

part of his Calling, were not forward to diſcourage him, but left him to his Liberty; he not ſatisfied, came to me for Advice: I confeſs I was put to a ſtand, and the more for that his Wife being then in a Carnal State, (thô ſince God has wrought upon her) I knew not how her Spirit might be raiſed to exclaim againſt Religion, and the Poſſeſſors of it, for hindering them of their Maintenance, I therefore deſired to be excus'd from giving my Opinion in it; but told him, to adviſe him to go, I could not, and to diſſwade him from going, I durſt not; he then requeſted me to ask my People about it, and he would acquieſs in their Judgment. To give him Satisfaction next time I preach'd on the Week-day, ſeveral Members coming into my Houſe after Sermon, as alſo Mrs. *Mary Harriſon*, I then broke the buſineſs to them, and deſired them to give me their Thoughts upon it: Every one ſpoke his Mind, ſome were violent againſt it, others more moderate on the foregoing Conſiderations; but in ſhort, they went away without coming to any Reſult: After they were gone, precious Mrs. *Mary* (I ſhall never forget it) took me by the Hand, and with Tears in her Eyes, very earneſtly ſpoke the following words, Good Dear Sir, beat off my Brother *Betſworth* from going

going to the Wedding, and I will do what I can to make up his loss. These were her very words, but the manner of speaking them, and the Agony of her Spirit in speaking them, is above the power of a far better Pen than mine, lively to set forth. The other Story is, In the days of her Vanity (before God touch'd her Heart) seeing the Key in her Father's Desk or Trunk, she took thence some Money (under twenty Shillings) to buy her some fine things, on which her Mind was wholly set with the greatest eagerness that could be: But Oh! what an unspeakable Horror had she in her Conscience for this in the day of her Conviction; she often complain'd (or rather roar'd) about it to me, that she was a Thief, and had stolen Money from her Father. The Devil was not wanting to aggravate the matter for the farther perplexing her already too much disturbed Soul: At last she told me, she must tell her Father of it, and ask him Forgiveness for it: I confess I laboured to dissuade her from it, fearing (he being her Father-in-Law) it might be of bad Consequence; Telling her, that though it was very ill done, yet being several Years since, and she one of the Family, I thought a thorough Sense of the Evil of it, which 'twas plain she had, and seeking Pardon of God

God in the Blood of Christ was sufficient; for though Confession of Wrong done in other cases was necessary, yet Prudence forbade it in this case under her Circumstances, and the state of the Family: Several knowing Christians to whom she communicated this Affair, concur'd with my Judgment; but this did not Satisfy her, she still persisted in her Resolution of confessing it to her Father: And one Night as I was with her late, after Prayer being about to leave her, she told me, she would not, nor could not keep this thing any longer from her Father's Knowledge; she had such a Fire burning in her Conscience, which was not to be quenched till she did it. I reply'd, If that was her absolute Determination, I desir'd I might be by to back it, not knowing how her Father might resent it. To which she consenting we sent down for him, but he was either Busie with Company, or at Supper, and I not being willing to stay longer, it was defer'd till next day. But after I was gone, and the Family with her self also in Bed, about Midnight, so powerful and influential was her terrifying Conscience, she rose up, and as I think, slipping on her Night-gown, ran to her Father's Chamber, and approaching his Bedside, in a penitential heart-moving Tone, confess'd her Guilt to him;

him; upon hearing of it, He to his honour like a generous, honeſt, tender-hearted Man, freely forgave her, to her no ſmall Comfort: The next day after Dinner, at the Hour appointed, I went to her, expecting the performance of what ſhe had been ſo long harping upon, but when ſhe told me, ſhe had already done it, and where, and in what manner, Oh! how was my Soul ſtruck with Amazement; I preſently thought on *Solomon*'s words, *Prov.* 14. 10. *The heart knoweth his own Bitterneſs, and a Stranger doth not intermeddle with his Joy.* O bleſſed God, thought I, how does this young Convert outſtrip thoſe of the higheſt Form in thy Houſe! I confeſs, I had much higher thoughts of her, and much lower thoughts of my ſelf, ever after that Day: But ſtay, I am call'd to Hearken (and Oh! that you, and all that read this Tract would Hearken with me) to what *John* heard, *Rev.* 14. 17. *And I heard a Voice from Heaven, ſaying unto me, Write, Bleſſed are the Dead which dye in the Lord, from henceforth, yea, ſaith the Spirit, that they may reſt from their Labours, and their Works do follow them.* Ah! this holy Virgin is One of the bleſſed Dead, that do reſt from her Labours of Sorrow and Anguiſh for Sin, and her Works of Faith, Repentance, and Love, do follow her.

This

This heavenly Lamb, when ſhe eſcap'd the Gin,
That Satan laid, and after was let in
Jehovah's Courts, Oh! how ſhe dreaded Sin,
Its Fear did pierce her Soul, and made her Body thin.

Seventhly, As after Conviction ſhe had a dread of Sin, of any Sin, ſo more eſpecially of her own Sin, of her former beloved Sin *Pride*: Certainly never was any Creature (below a Glorify'd State) more Mortify'd to that particular Sin than ſhe was. Oh, with what Loathing, Abhorrence, and Diſdain, would She ſpeak of it! *David* accounted it an undeceivable mark of Sincerity, that he was got above his darling Luſt, *Pſalm* 18. 23. *I was alſo upright before him, and I kept my ſelf from mine Iniquity.* What *David*'s Iniquity was, I may Gueſs, but not Conclude; but this I am ſure, *Pride* was hers. And ſhe through the mighty power of Grace, kept her ſelf from it. It was her *right Eye*, and ſhe was enabled to *pluck it out*; it was her *right Hand*, and ſhe had power from God to *cut it off*, that ſhe might be *fit for the Kingdom of God*, Mat. 5. 29, 30. From the day of her Conviction (*when the terrors of the Almighty took hold of her*) off went her Top-Knots, and all ſuperfluous Finery, and never put on more; what was her Glory before, was her Shame now; *Her adorn-*

adorning was no longer the outward adorning of plaiting the hair, the wearing of Gold, or putting on of Apparel; but the hidden Man of the heart, in that which is not Corruptible, even the Ornament of a meek and quiet Spirit, which is in the ſight of God, of great Price. Oh, that all the young Ladies and Gentlewomen in *England*, had ſeen her ghaſtly Looks, and heard how dolefully ſhe bemoan'd her ſelf for her horrid Pride, which was once ſo Rampant in her! It could not (I think) but be an effectual Antidote againſt their ſtaying ſo long at the Glaſs; and being ſo curiouſly exact in decking and adorning the outſide of their decaying Bodies: Oh! if they had beheld (as I and many others did) how dear and coſtly this Sin was to this young Damſel, they would ſure be more afraid of it: She was weeping, and Crying, and continually Lamenting the *pride of her vain heart:* But as it is ſaid of the Church, ſhe had the *Moon* (that is the World) *under her feet*; ſo this precious Saint had at laſt the Sin of *Pride under her feet*; and, Oh! how did ſhe trample upon it, how did ſhe contemn and deſpiſe it!

In muſing on this matchleſs Saint, I cry'd,
Thou being ſo wholly dreined from all Pride,
As one not fit here longer to abide,
Go to thy Bridegroom, go, thou true cæleſtial Bride.

Eighth-

Eighthly, As after Conviction ſhe was Mortify'd to all *Pride*, ſo ſhe did in a wonderful manner, beyond any Preſident I ever ſaw, ſhine forth in the contrary Grace *Humility*. She had learned of her Saviour, to be *meek and lowly in heart* Mat. 11. 29. And ſo excellent well ſhe learned, that none tabernacled in a Body of Fleſh, could have a more Debaſing thought of Self, than ſhe had; She ſate with *Job* in the Aſhes, and with *Hezekiah*, counted all her Prayers and the beſt of her Performances, but as the *chattering of a Crane, or Swallow*, Iſa. 38. 14. The Vileſt of Creatures was her conſtant Motto; *That no body was Worſe, that every body was better than ſhe*, was the undiſſembled Thought of her Heart. When ſhe was moſt Lovely in the Eyes of others, ſhe was even then moſt Mean in her own; ſhe could not bear to be in the leaſt praiſed, nor endure that any ſhould ſpeak well of her, though ſhe was enabled to Sing the Lord's Song on the Borders of *Canaan* after her return from a long Captivity: Indeed in her languiſhing Condition, ſhe was made Humble by God's Providence, but when ſhe was Healed, ſhe was kept Humble by his bleſſed Spirit.

This Saint beholding great Jehovah's Face,
Her ſelf as low as Hell ſhe did debaſe,
Hence 'twas ſhe flouriſh'd ſo, and grew apace,
She was the humble one, repleniſh'd with all Grace.

Ninthly, After Conviction ſhe was in a Goſpel Frame, wholly moulded into the Spirit of the Goſpel. Theſe Two eminent Servants of the Lord Jeſus, Mr. *Robins*, and Mr. *Hammond*, led her into the Paths of Goſpel Light and Truth, (in which ſhe was extreamly delighted) ſo that the extolled, and much magnified Mountain of Man's Righteouſneſs, and Legal Performances, became as a Plain; and by their Miniſtry *the Head-ſtone* (the Lord Jeſus Chriſt) was preſented to her, and ſhe was inabled (by the Spirit's Breathing in her) to cry out, *Grace, Grace unto it*, Zech. 4. 7. Hence, though Intereſt and Relation, with ſome other Obligations had intangled her with another ſort of Men, yet after her Acquaintance with thoſe 'foreſaid great *Goſpel Luminaries*, they were very little in her Eye; for She was convinced, not Doing, but Believing was the way of the Goſpel; and that not by any Works of Righteouſneſs ſhe had done, or could do, but by the Free Grace of God in Chriſt, ſhe was made what ſhe was. And therefore the breathing of her Soul was,

was, *to be found in him, not having her own Righteousness, which is of the Law, but that which is through the Faith of Christ, the Righteousness which is of God by Faith: That thereby she might know Christ, and the Power of his Resurrection, and the Fellowship of his Sufferings, being made conformable to his death,* Phil. 3. 9. 10. Oh! how her very Soul rejoyced in the glad Tidings of the Gospel.

This glorious Saint, admiring Gospel Light,
Whose most corruscant Beams did shine so Bright,
Whereby her Darkness was expelled quite,
The Gospel brought a Day, a Day that had no Night.

Tenthly, After Conviction she was inflamed with Love to her dearest Jesus; yea, with the Spouse she was Sick of Love, *Cant.* 5. 8. As she had a Sense of the *Forgiveness of Sins as* Mary *had*, she verily *Loved much as* Mary *did*, Luke 7. 47. She had a large Share of Gospel Grace, as the choice Blessing of Heaven; for *she loved the Lord Jesus Christ in Sincerity*, Ephes. 6. 24. Tho she saw not Jesus with her Bodily Eyes, yet she dearly Loved him, and that Love has brought her to him, so that now She sees Him, and is Glorifyed with him, *Rejoycing with Joy unspeakable, and full of Glory; for she has now received the end of her Faith, even the Salvation of her Soul*, 1 *Pet.* 1. 8, 9.

What

What things were formerly her Gain, those she counted Loss for Christ; yea, doubtless, she counted all things but Loss, for the excellency of the Knowledge of Christ Jesus, her Lord; for whom she suffered the Loss of all things, and did count them but Dung (or Dog's-meat,) *that she might win Christ.* 3 *Phil.* 7. 8. Oh Love was the ruling Star in the Firmament of her Soul!

Though Satan for a while did cast a Mist
Over this Saint, at length she saw the Christ,
And seeing lov'd him as her precious Priest,
Now with his glorious Mouth her precious Soul is Kist.

Eleventhly, As after Conviction she Lov'd Christ, so she lov'd the Ways of Christ the Ordinances of Christ, the Members of Christ, the Ministers of Christ, and that with a pure Heart, fervently: If our Saviour's Character of a true Disciple holds good, *John* 13. 35. *By this shall all men know that ye are my Disciples, if ye have Love one to another*: And, if *John*'s Evidence of the new Birth, be any thing valid, 1 *Epist.* 3. 14. *We know that we are passed from Death unto Life, because we love the Brethren.* She was as visible a Disciple, as real a Regenerate Person, and that to the apparent view of all, as 'twas possible for any Creature to be. For I sincerely think, never any, especially in these last days, possest

poſſeſt more of the Grace of Love than ſhe did. Her very Soul was wrapt up in the Saints Society; with them was her greateſt, yea, her only Delight. She had *David*'s Spirit, and therefore could ſay with him *Pſalm* 26. 8. *Lord I have loved the habitation of thy houſe, and the place where thine honour dwelleth.* I the leaſt, and moſt unworthy of Saints, may ſay of her as *David* did of *Jonathan*. *Her love to me was wonderful, paſſing the Love of Women.*

This Saint, who Heaven-ward ſo faſt did move,
That She a Saint in every thing might prove,
As actuated from a Spirit above,
Moſt gloriouſly did ſhine within the Sphere of Love.

Twelfthly, After her Conviction, that ſhe had taſted of the Love of Chriſt, ſhe was extraordinarily Solicitous, even with a burning Zeal, for the Converſion of Sinners, eſpecially of her own carnal Relations. Her warm Diſcourſes on this Subject, put me in mind of our Lord's Charge to *Peter*, Luke 22. 32. *When thou art converted, ſtrengthen thy Brethren.* She was wholly of *Paul*'s Spirit, when he ſpoke ſo affectionately of the *Jews*, Rom. 10. 1. *Brethren, my Hearts deſire, and prayer to God for Iſrael is, that they might be Saved.* Her Soul pittied ſuch as were running head-long to Hell; her Bowels yearned towards

towards those that had no Sense of their own Condition: She could not speak of any of her near Acquaintance, in an Unconverted State, without Weeping for them, as our Saviour did for *Jerusalem*, and with the same Pathetical Wish, *Oh! that they did truly know in this their day, the things that belong unto their peace.* The Night before She Dyed, or rather Translated, she expres'd her self to a Godly Woman, passionately Concern'd for the Soul of her only Surviving Sister, with these and more such Words, *I am going to Heaven, but, Ah! my poor Sister,* --- [I hope it may have an Impression upon her, and the Reading of this may be of Use unto her.]

This lovely Saint, who plainly did appear
A Lamb of God, possess'd with holy Fear,
For th' Souls of those that unto her were near,
Especially for all her own Relations Dear.

Thirteenthly, After Conviction she was full, very full of heavenly Discourse, indeed her Discourse was nothing but Heavenly. She was then only in her proper Element, when she was speaking of the Things of God, and the Wonders of Free-Grace. I have sometimes to try her, propounded some alien Subject to talk of, but I could not forbear Smiling, to observe what

what a Loss always she was at, in speaking of any thing but Spiritual Matters: She was as a Fish out of the Water, or as a Man in the Water, nothing but Dashing and Plunging; every thing but Heaven, was the *Shibboleth* which *she could not frame her self to pronounce*, Judg. 12. 6. And therefore after a little Faltring, she must and would return to Heaven, which only was the *Sibboleth* she could plainly, and with freedom speak. It was most clear and visible to all, that she was of Christ, and belonged to Christ, for the continuedness, and the unaffectedness of her Speech bewrayed her, *Mat.* 26. 73. *She believed in Christ, and out of her Belly daily flow'd forth Rivers of living Water.* Her Speech, her whole Speech was always season'd with Salt, and very Edifying. I cannot but make this remark on the Substance of her most excellent and serious Discourses. Though all she spake was not good for every thing, yet really every thing she spake, was good for something.

This Orient Star, this most resplendent Gem
A follower of Jesse's *happy Stem,*
Among the Saints, and praising, still with them,
She spake the Language of the new Jerusalem.

Fourteenthly, After Conviction she was of an exact, and exemplary Conversation;

not one *dead fly* was ever discerned in this *Box of precious Ointment*. I do not say she was *soluta Legibus*, in a perfect State, absolutely freed from Sin; but this I may say, this I can say, and therefore this I will say, (her excessive Love to, and causeless Value for, unworthy Me excepted) in the Frame of her Spirit, and in the whole Course of her short Life, there was as little Defect, as little Failure observable, as in any of the Sons and Daughters of Men, how powerfully soever under the Work of Grace. And I will thank that Man or Woman who truly knew her, that will shew me her Fellow in any part of *England*. As for my own Experience, I must and do solemnly declare, She was the most Grave, Serious, Composed young Gentlewoman, that in all my Travels, which have not been small, that in all my Converse, which has not been little, I ever saw, or was acquainted with. Like *Zacharias* and *Elizabeth*, She was *righteous before God, and walked in all the Commandments and Ordinances of the Lord blameless*, Luke 1. 6. And as *Paul*, she *always, and in every thing, exercis'd her self, to have a Conscience void of Offence, towards God, and towards Men*, Acts 24. 16. Yea, the setled Frame of her Spirit was bent to the exercising her self to Godliness, and that in all the parts of it, insomuch

inſomuch, that I verily think (and I am not alone in my thoughts) the moſt eminent Chriſtians, the moſt famous Miniſters in the Nation, without any Diſparagement to their Graces, might have Learned ſomething of her: Every Step of her Life was Teaching. And, Oh! that She had had more Scholars, and better Schollars, than many of us, (and I eſpecially) that were daily with her.

When 'twixt her Soul and Sin, Grace made a Breach,
She Shined in a manner to Impeach
The beſt of Saints, as well as Sinners teach,
How loudly unto both, her Holy Life did Preach.

Fifteenthly, After Conviction She did amazingly grow in Grace, her mighty Progreſſion Heaven-ward, is beyond what I or any Mortal can expreſs. What *David* ſaid of himſelf, with reſpect to his Outward, was eminently true with reſpect to her Inward Man; She praiſed God, yea in the Night ſhe Sang his Praiſe, for *She was fearfully and wonderfully made* (a Saint of the higheſt Form, a Star of the firſt Magnitude in the Firmament of the Church Militant) *marvellous were God's Works* in her (whereby as the *Kings Daughter, ſhe was all glorious within, her Cloathing was of wrought Gold*) *and that her Soul knew right well.* Though none more Debaſed and

Low in their own Esteem than She was. *Solomon* tells us, *Prov.* 4. 18. *The path of the Just is as the shining Light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect Day:* She shined in Grace, even to the dazling the Eyes of all that beheld her here, and now She is shining in the Perfection of Glory above. Again, we are told, *Psalm* 92. 12. 13, 14. *The righteous shall flourish like the Palm-tree, he shall grow like a Cedar in Lebanon. Those that be planted in the House of the Lord, shall flourish in the Courts of our God. They shall bring forth Fruit in old Age, they shall be Fat and Flourishing.* The *Palm-tree*, as Naturalists observe, grows and ascends Higher in spight of all Pressures and Weights: So did She, notwithstanding all her Afflictions; (and no Mortal could be under greater than She was) She was *planted in the House of the Lord*, and Wonderfully, even to the Admiration of all, *flourish'd in the Courts of our God.* And tho she had not arriv'd to Old Age, she *brought forth fruit* in abundance in her young Age, in the very Prime and Flower of her Years; She was a Young, a very Young Maid, but an Old, and through-experienc'd Saint, so that She went to the Grave in a full Age, *like a Shock of Corn cometh in, in its Season.* She had (tho in a very short time) *fought a good Fight*; She had (in the compass of

a few Days) *finish'd her Course*; She had (and that in Spight of all the Devils Assaults) *kept the Faith*; and now, Oh! now, She is gone to receive the *Crown of Righteousness*: She is gone to Heaven, to the Mansions of Glory in her Father's House, whither her dearest Saviour went before her, to *prepare a place for her*, and there She is, *sitting down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob*, and all the *Prophets in the Kingdom of her Father*: They wanted her Company, and could no longer be without it, indeed She was fitter, much fitter for them than for such sinful Creatures as we.

Ah! peerless Saint, whilst others are, so slow,
And how to creep along do scarcely know,
Thou, like a winged Arrow, from the Bow,
Mounted aloft by Grace, thou up to Heav'n didst go.

Sixteenthly, And Lastly, In a Word, After Conviction She was altogether Heavenly; Heavenly in her Looks, Heavenly in her Speech, Heavenly in her Carriage, yea, Heavenly in all, and every part of her Life. Heaven possest her Soul, long before her Soul possest Heaven: I may, without the least Hyperbole say of her, what *Paul* said of himself, *Phil.* 3. *v.* 20, 21. *Her Conversation*, or Trading and Commerce, *was in Heaven, from whence also she look'd for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus*

Christ; *Who will* (in the day of the Resurrection) *Change her vile Body*, (or body of Vileneſs) *that it may be Faſhioned like unto his Glorious Body, according to the working whereby he is able to Subdue all things unto himſelf*: And where her *Converſation* was, there her *Commoration* now is, and will be ſo for ever: What was once ſo delightful to her Soul, during her abode on Earth, She is now in the everlaſting Poſſeſſion of in Heaven, in the *New Jeruſalem*, where ſhe will be no more Toſſed in the Tempeſtuous Sea, vvhere the Waves and Billovvs of Temptation vvill no more paſs over her; for ſhe novv dwells with God, and God dwells with her, and therefore, *all Tears are wiped from her Eyes*, and ſhe now will be no more Aſſaulted with the fear of Death: Nor Rack'd with the Senſe of Sorrow; nor have any more cauſe of Crying out for ever: *For all theſe former things are paſſed away*: And ſhe is ſeated and ſettled in that *Kingdom which cannot be moved*; in that *City which hath Foundations whoſe Builder and maker is God*. Novv, Farevvel, Farewel thou Triumphant Saint; *no more*, ſhall I be bleſſed with thy heart Reviving Company; *no more*, ſhall my Ears be charmed with thy heavenly Language; *no more*, vvill my Soul be delighted with

thy

thy divine Breathings, thy Seraphick raptures; *no more* will my ſtudy be perfumed with the Savour of that far richer, that more Fragrant and Odoriferous Oyntment than thy elder Siſter *Mary* brought to Anoynt her Saviours Body againſt his Burial; *no more*, ſhall thee and I go to *Bethlehem*, to the mount of Viſion; *no more*, ſhall I hear the Harmonious Melody of thy Sighs, and Sobs, when we were at the Throne of Grace together; *no more*, will my Frozen heart be warmed with the Sparkling Flame of thy ardent Zeal: Oh! *Wretch that I am*, that I minded *no more*, that I Prized *no more*, that I improved *no more* thoſe invaluable hours I ſometimes had with thee! A *Price was verily put into my Hands, a rich Price, a great Price*, an Unparellel'd Price, to get and increaſe in true *Wiſdom*, to be throughly Spiritualized, to be above all Carnalty, to have *before* I was aware, *my Soul even made like the Chariots of Aminadib* - - by viewing the Tranſcript of Heaven, by beholding that Ray of divine Beauty, that Beam of Cœleſtial Glory wonderfully diſplayed, both in thy outward and in thy inward Man: But I, *like a Fool had no heart to it*: I was not intenſe upon it. But now (Ah! too late) my Eyes are opened (as the Diſciples were after their

their Lord vvas vvithdrawn) novv I look back vvith Sadneſs; novv I call to mind vvhat heart breaking Grief. *How more* like an Angel than an humane Creature, *How more* like one Inſpir'd of God, then Inſtructed by Man, thou alvvays ſpeakeſt of the things of Heaven; *How more* like one in a glorified State, than in a body of Clay, thy vvhole Carriage and Demeanor vvas. But *now*, Oh! *now*, thou art gone, and *the Eyes of we that have ſeen thee, will ſee thee no more*: Thou in a Moment vvas taken out of our *Sight*, and left no *Mantle behind thee*, only the ſvveet Perfume of thy immortal Name; But I muſt and vvill follow thee, vvith *Eliſha*'s cry after *Elijah*, My Siſter, Oh! my Precious Siſter, my heavenly Siſter, the Chariots of Iſrael and the Horſemen thereof! Hovv do all the Children of the Bride-chamber take up a Wailing for thee? *How do the habitations of our Zion mourn!* Yea *how do the top of our Carmels vvither*, becauſe thou the beauty of them art fallen, and ſunk into the pit of Corruption? Becauſe thy Eyes, (Oh thou delightful Creature, thou admired Saint) are cloſed in the Duſt, and thy mouth is filled with cold Clay? As for me, I cannot forbear breaking forth into *David*'s Lamentation for his beloved *Jonathan - - - I am diſtreſſed for thee, Oh! my*

my Siſter, my Siſter, very pleaſant haſt thou been to me; But woe, Alas, Alas! Alas! She that was once the Object of my Love and Delight, is now (and I think, whilſt I am on this ſide heaven, *will* be, for I ſhall never forget her) the ſad Subject of my Sighs, and Tears: I may! Her Fathers houſe may! The Town of *Havant* may! The Church may! Yea, the whole Country may Write on all our Aſſemblies, on all our Solemn meetings, *Ichabod! Ichabod! The glory is departed from our Iſrael!* But here the Pen is dropping out of my hand, Loads of Grief do block up my way, that I cannot go on; an inundation of ſorrovv quite overpovvers me, this is ſuch a renevving my grief that I am not able to bear it, I can ſcarce Repreſs a Flood of Tears ready to break forth; I Write vvith a Trembling hand, vvith vvatry Eyes, vvith a mourning Soul, and therefore I muſt break off, Conſidering vvith the Words which *Solomon* ſpake of *Bathſheba*, as properly applicable to this young Triumphant, (I dare avouch it) as to any of the Female-Sex in our Day, or in the Age before it, *Prov.* 31. 29. *Many Daughters have done Virtuouſly, but thou* (Oh, thou Virgin Angel) *excelleſt them all.*

Rest, blessed Saint, within thy peaceful Grave;
Whilst I no Peace, because of her, can have,
For thy sweet Converse, which was once so brave;
But Death, ah! too too soon, did me of it bereave;
Too soon we parted were, and neither farewel gave.

I have been exceedingly importun'd to Print the Sermon I Preach'd, at the Funeral of this precious Lamb; but for two Reasons I forbear.

The One is, It would make this Tract too big, which is already swell'd under my Hand, beyond what I first Intended:

But if this Reason be not Cogent, I have another, which is this, I do not, for indeed I cannot Print it, because I have it not to Print; for so it is, as soon as I had Preached the Funeral Sermon for another, on the day this Saint Died, (as I before hinted) I immediately fix'd my Thoughts on a Subject for her Funeral, which I judg'd suitable, and it was, *Jam.* 1. 12. *Blessed is the Man that endureth Temptation; for when he is tryed, he shall receive the Crown of Life, which the Lord hath promised to them that Love him.* But the very Day she was Buried her Mother sent to desire me to Preach on these Words, with which she clos'd her life;

Job, 19. 25. *I know that my Redeemer liveth.*

The warning being so short, I had no time

time for Study, but upon my Knees, begging the Assistance of my heavenly Father, who graciously vouchsafed it in such a way, as I think no Sermon I ever Preach'd, was more Acceptable to others, though it was wholly lost as to me; for, through Grief, and Disturbance of Mind, I could not recall it; only I remember the Two Generals I insisted on, *viz.*

The Excellency of the saving Knowledge of Christ, as a Redeemer: And,

The exceeding Utility of this Knowledge in a dying Hour.

I was so long in opening those Two Heads, that I had no time for Application, only addres'd my self to the Auditory, which was then the most Numerous I ever before, or since saw in *Havant*; and I will (because I can) give you some brief Account of that, for I took some Notes of it, which are as followeth:

I shall, instead of the several Uses that might be made of this Doctrine I have been discoursing of, apply my self in a few Words?

1*st*, To Young Ones.

2*dly*, To the Relations of this deceased Person.

3*dly*, To this Society.

4*thly*, To all, and every one of this great Congregation.

1*st*. To

1ſt, *To you that are Young.* --- You are come this Evening to the Funeral of a young Gentlewoman, who was called away by Death in the Flower of her time. She was fit to die, and therefore ſhe died to live: But how is it with you? I beſeech you conſider, you may die even now in your youth, as well as ſhe: Ay! But are you as well prepared for it as ſhe was? Oh! Dreadful dying without an Intereſt in the Lord Jeſus Chriſt! You had better never have been Born, then die to go to Hell for ever, which will moſt certainly be your Portion if you die in a Chriſtleſs State: Oh, that you would take example by this bleſſed Virgin, to *Fly youthful Luſts*; To remember your Creatour in the days of your Youth: And now, Oh! now, in the Morning of your Age, to look Heaven-ward. I may ſay of the deceaſed, as *Simeon* ſaid of the Lord Jeſus in his Infant-ſtate, *Luke*, 2. 24. *Behold, this Child is ſet for the fall and riſing of many in Iſrael, and for a Sign which ſhall be ſpoken againſt*: Oh! So, verily this young Saint as a glorious Star was ſhining in this Horizon, for the fall and riſing of many; that is, both in *Judgment* and in *Mercy* to many in theſe parts: In *Judgment*, to be a greater and more Terrible Condemnation to thoſe Obſtinate young ones, that will

will ſtill keep on in their Luſts, ſtill continue in their Sins, ſtill ſlight and Contemn the Tenderneſs of Grace in the Goſpel, after ſo great and amazing an inſtance of the Riches of free Grace, the fulneſs of divine Love extended unto her: In *Mercy*, to you who will be affected with what God did abundantly for her, in a way of ſpecial Grace; and therefore will be looking unto Chriſt, as Believing there is the ſame Free-grace, the ſame rich Love, the ſame bottomleſs Ocean of Pardoning, Healing, and Soul-ſaving Mercy for you, as ſhe found, as ſhe taſted, as ſhe Raviſhingly Experienc'd in the day of her Diſtreſs: Oh! hear this dead Saint ſpeaking to you in *David*'s words; *Pſal.* 66. 16,17. *Come and hear all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my Soul: I Cryed unto him with my Mouth, and he was Extolled with my Tongue.* Oh! hear her thus ſpeaking to every Soul of you.

You young Men and Maids, that are yet in the Gall of Bitterneſs, and in the Bond of Iniquity; that are minding nothing but the ſatisfying your Luſts, that have no ſenſe of Heaven and Eternity, or what will become of your Immortal Souls for ever. I was once in the ſame condition, and running on in the ſame exceſs of Riot: I was once as dead, as Carnal, as Vain,

as

as Frothy as you are: But God broke my heart, and Melted my Soul, with Trembling and Affrightning Shakings, under the vvoful Apprehenſion of a loſt Condition, and a Flaming Hell that I look'd every Moment to be plung'd into: And then he comforted and Reviv'd me with a Senſible Manifeſtation of redeeming Love; then he made knovvn to me the Wonders of Soveraign Grace, in fully Revealing and diſcovering Chriſt (with the avail of his Pretenſions, Death and Sufferings) to my Soul: *I Cryed to him in the day of Diſtreſs, and he Graciouſly Vouchſaf'd his Ear: He brought me up out of the Horrible Pit, out of the Miry Clay, and ſet my Feet upon a Rock* (even the Rock of Ages) with whom I am now in Glory, and ſhall be ſo for ever. Oh! Therefore you my former Carnal Companions, be increated to *ſeek the Lord whilſt he may be found, and to call upon him while he is yet near:* Do not let a *Dalilah*'s *Lap* deprive you of an *Abraham*'s *Boſom*: Do not for the fading Pleaſures of a Tranſitory Life, Subject your precious Souls to eternal Ruin. Oh! Let my Caſe, the unexpreſſible Sorrows I have gone through for Sin, and the true pleaſures I have found in the ways of Grace and Holineſs, have a powerful convincing and perſwading Effect

fect upon you. --- The good Lord help all you young ones, to hear this dead Saint thus speaking to you.

2*dly*, My next word is to you that are the Relations of this blessed Person; and 'tis what our Saviour said to the Mourners about the Damsel we read of: *Matt.* 9. 24. *The Maid is not dead but Sleepeth* -- So, your Daughter, your Sister, your Relation, for whom you are in so much Bitterness, and because of whom your hearts are ready to break with sorrow, Oh! *She is not dead, but Sleepeth*: Indeed, as to you she is dead, and you will see her no more, with a mortal Eye, but unto God she is alive, and with him will live for evermore. Oh! Therefore Assuage your Grief, dry up your Tears, make no Bewailing for her, for she is better, and in a far better State than you. Oh! therefore turn your Lamentation for her, into Imitation of her; think not of her Immature death, but of her holy, and exemplary Life; and *be ye followers of her, who through* the abundant increase of *Faith*, and exercise of *Patience*, was fitted for the Kingdom above, and *is now* (with the triumphant) *inheriting the Promises*; being in Possession of that *Inheritance which is Incorruptible, Undefiled, which fadeth not away*: And as to her outward Man, she is but fallen

len asleep, and will be awakened again, at the joyful Morning of the Resurrection. Though she be now (with *Job*) *saying to Corruption, thou art my Father, and to the Worm, thou art my Mother, and my Sister; though after her Skin, Worms will destroy her Body, yet in her Flesh shall she see God.* I will therefore commend the Apostle's Words to your serious Consideration, which I hope may afford you some matter of Consolation, at least be a rational Ground, for the alleviation of your present Sorrow, on this sad Occasion; 1 *Thes.* 4. 13. 14. *But I would not have you to be Ignorant, Brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye Sorrow not, even as others which have no hope; for if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him.* Again v. 16. *For the Lord himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the Voice of the Archangel, and with the Trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first.* On which sweet Conclusion, and most comfortable truth, I would ground my pressing Exhortation, *to you*, that are now Mourning; *To you* that are now Weeping; *To you*, that are now so full of Sadness for this great and irreparable loss, and that in the words of the same Apostle, in the same Chapter verse 18. *Wherefore, comfort one another with these words*

3*dly*, To

3*dly*, *To you alſo of this Society, my Brethren and Siſters of this Church*, I would next addreſs my ſelf on this awful Occaſion: And it is to beg you to have a deep ſenſe of the Lords hand upon us, in diminiſhing our number, in Houſing our little Flock apace: But the laſt night we were in this place, Solemnizing the Funeral of a precious and beloved Siſter; and now we are here, at the Funeral of this triumphant Damſel. 'Tis true, ſhe was not actually a Member of ours, but virtually and intentionally ſhe was, ſhe walk'd with us, ſate down with us, and really deſign'd, if the Lord had ſpared her life to be diſmiſs'd to us, and ſo to be wholly ours. She extreamly delighted in this Society, and dearly loved every one of you. But we have now left her, with ſeveral others, (of eminent uſe and worth) which calls for no ſmall Lamentation, and therefore I may here juſtly make uſe of the *Prophets* words by way of Exhortation to you: *Jerem.* 9. v. 17, 18. *Thus ſaith the Lord of Hoſts, Conſider ye, and call for the Mourning-women, that they may come, and ſend for Cunning Women, that they may come: And let them make haſte, and take up a wailing for us, that our Eyes may run down with Tears, and our Eye-lids guſh out with Waters.* Why; what's the matter! What is it that calls for ſo much

much Mourning : verſe 21. *For death is come up into our Windows, and is entred into our palaces, to cut off the Children from without, and the young Men in the Streets :* Oh ! How many lovely Children of God have of late been cut off in this place, and now this young Flouriſhing Branch, is ſo ſuddenly, and ſo unexpectedly cut down from amongſt us, and we ſhall never ſee her more : Oh : How then for this ſad and irreparable loſs ſhould we lament with Tears, how ſhould our Eyes be guſhing out with Water, for the Immature fading of ſo ſweet a Flower : Oh ! Therefore, from the ſenſe of Gods diſpleaſure, in taking ſuch Unvaluable Jewels from us : *Be afflicted, mourn and Weep, let your Laughter be turned into Mourning, and your Joy into heavineſs :* Though as to this Saint her ſelf, there is no need of it, death is to her an unſpeakable Gain. And therefore Chriſts words to the Bewailing Women are applicable unto you. -- *Ye daughters of Jeruſalem, Weep not for me, but for your ſelves, and the Miſeries that are coming upon You.* Oh : Methinks I hear her ſpeaking alond to all and every one of us. in Davids Language : *Pſal.* 34. v. 2. 3. 4. *My Soul ſhall make her Boaſt in the Lord : The humble ſhall hear thereof and be glad : O Magnifie the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together*

gether : I ſought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my Fears : But for our own ſakes, there's cauſe enough of Mourning, eſpecially from this awful conſideration, - - *Acceſſion to us, does not anſwer the deceſſion from us.*

4thly, and laſtly, *A word to all of you in this Congregation*, the Inhabitants of this Town, and the parts adjacent. And I will Preface what I have to ſay to you, in the Words of *Jotham*, to the Men of *Shechem Judg. 9. 7. Hearken* (I beſeech you) *unto me, that God may hearken unto you.* Some of you have ſeen, all of you have heard, what this deceaſed young Gentlewoman underwent for Heaven ; What Oceans of Troubles ſhe was plunged in, and what Fires of Soul-tribulations ſhe was a long time burning in. Now, as Chriſt ſaid to his Diſciples, *Math. 18. 2. 3. And Jeſus called a little Child unto him, and ſet him in the midſt of them ; And ſaid, verily I ſay unto you, except ye be Converted, and become as little Children, ye ſhall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven :* So ſay I to all, and every one here, Old and Young, Rich and Poor, High and Low ; except ye go thorough the Pangs of the New-birth, as this young Damſel did ; I do not ſay, in that ſame degree of Horror and Agony, for that few do ; but except you be as really Converted, Changed, Renewed, and Born

again,

again, as she was, you will not; nay, you cannot enter into the Joys of Heaven when you Die; for they are our Lord's own Words, and spoke as plain as plain can be, *Joh.* 3. 3. *Except a Man*, (any Man, every Man) *be Born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God.* Now, this deserves your most deep and serious Consideration; for there is a Kingdom of God to be enjoyed, and a kingdom of darkness to be avoided: And believe it Sirs, Heaven is no Feigned Elizium, Hell and Eternty is no dream, the worm that never dies is no fond Conceit. And you will shortly know what the one or the other means: You will er'e long be summon'd to spend the Ages of Eternity amongst the blessed or damned, and that in a very little time. And so I shall close the whole (alluding to the words of my Lord and Master) with an earnest Exhortation to, and fervent Supplication for each, and every Soul of you here present. *Oh! That you would therefore know, even you in this your day, the things that belong to your everlasting peace, before (even before) they be hid from your eyes: And that for ever.*

Two Hymns compoſed for her Funeral; the former of which, was publickly ſung, at the cloſe of her Funeral.

I Sought the Lord, and him I found:
He did regard my Tears.
When I lay proſtrate on the Ground,
He freed me from my fears.

I wept with Sorrow, Grief, and Woe.
('Tis God that Mercy gives)
God made me cry out, Oh! I know
That my Redeemer Lives.

And lives to comfort my poor Heart,
Who did my State condole,
As finding ſuch an horrid ſmart
Within my wounded Soul.

But now I'm eas'd, I feel no pain;
Oh! then, rejoyce with me,
That have found Death ſo ſweet a Gain!
My Saviour now I ſee.

When I, through Weakneſs, pin'd away,
And fetch'd my lateſt Groan,
Chriſt ſent his Angels, to convey
My Soul unto his Throne.

Oh!

Oh! Hallelujah! Lord, I am
Raviſh'd with Joy and Love,
In Boſome of bleſt Abraham,
With all the Saints above.

The other.

A Perſon young, late dwelt among
Us Militants below,
Oppreſs'd with Fears, immerg'd in Tears,
Which from her Eyes did flow.

Her Spirit ſad, with Sable clad,
To think upon her Soul;
The Storm was great, the Billows beat,
And Deeps did on her roul.

So fierce the Stroke, her Heart was broke,
Her inward Man deprest;
Both Night and Day ſhe pin'd away,
And had not any Reſt.

Till God did pleaſe t'afford her eaſe;
'Tis he that Comfort gives:
Then, in her Woe, ſhe cry'd, I know
My dear Redeemer Lives.

With this ſweet Breath, in view of Death,
She did her Life reſign;

Now,

Now, wrapt in Love, with those above,
She gloriously does shine.

Rest, holy Saint, where no complaint
Shall vex thee any more ;
Possess that Peace, which ne'er will cease,
On Canaan's *blessed shore.*

Oh ! Halelu-Jah he is true ;
At length he'll surely come ;
He'll come away, without delay,
And take his Mourners home.

FINIS.